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# *What men have said about woman*

Henry Southgate

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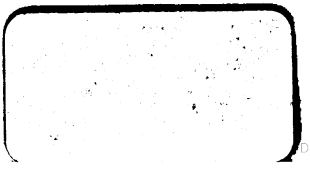

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# WOMAN.

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FRONT. *Woman — as a Maiden.*

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# WOMAN.

COMPILED AND ANNOTATED BY

HENRY SOUTHGATE,

AUTHOR OF "MANY THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS."

"These are the books, the arts, the academes that show, contain, and nourish all the world."—SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
GEORGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.
1865.

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## A Collection of Choice Thoughts and Sentences.

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DEDICATED,

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TO

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THE WIFE OF

MY FRIEND, HENRY BARRETT,

OF

EAST DULWICH.

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GENTLE READER, in perusing this book, be pleased to understand that I have only *wandered* in the fair fields of Literature, to gather here and there a flower which struck me as tributary to the homage civilized man, in every country, is ready to pay to the fairest portion of creation. There are thousands still unculled; but my object in this little work has been rather to present a select bouquet of literary blossoms, than to attempt to collect all that may be found in so fertile a domain as that devoted by Man to the exaltation of WOMAN.

H. S.

22, FLEET STREET.

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# WOMAN.

*Her Endearing Actions.*

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

*Lowell.*

---

Rainy and rough sets the day,—
  There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away,—
  Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,—
  Thrice hath she listen'd for somebody;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
  Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire,
  There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her neatest attire,
  Will look to the table for somebody.



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Though the stars fled from the west,
  There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,—
  Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
  There will be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,—
  Love's fond embracement for somebody:
There'll be the little one's charms,—
  Soon 'twill be waken'd for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
  Oh! but how blest will be somebody!

*Swain.*

---

Well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
  My Mary.

*Cowper.*

---

*Actions Graceful.*

Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love

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And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul.

*Milton.*

---

*Active in her Sympathies.*

When the *men* of Israel bowed in helplessness before Pharaoh, two *women* spurned his edicts and refused his behests. A *father* made no effort to save the infant Moses, but a *mother's* care hid him while concealment was possible, and a *sister* watched over his preservation when exposed on the river's brink. To *woman* was intrusted the charge of providing for the perils and the wants of the wilderness; and in the hour of triumph, *woman's* voice was loudest in the acclaim of joy that ascended to Heaven from an emancipated nation.

*Bellew.*

---

*Her Affection.*

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

*Pinckney.*



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*All in All to Her Lover.*

Not an angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I love,
  Heaven knows how she'll receive me.
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed,
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed:
  Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

*Vanbrugh.*

---

Phillis, men say that all my vows
  Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
  Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
  One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
  Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
  On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
  Beneath the myrtle shade.

*Sir Charles Sedley.*

---

*Ambition not desirable in.*

When girls are grown up, they begin to be courted and caressed; when they think that the recommending themselves to the affections of the men is the only business they

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have to attend to, and so presently fall to tricking, and dressing, and practising all the little engaging arts peculiar to their sex. In these they place all their hopes, as they do all their happiness in the success of them. But it is fit they should be given to understand that there are other attractions much more powerful than these; that the respect we pay them is not due to their Beauty, so much as to their Modesty, and Innocence, and unaffected Virtue; and that these are the true, the irresistible charms, such as will make the surest and most lasting conquests.

*Addison.*

---

### *Her Amiability.*

She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

*Shakespeare.*

---

### *A Ministering Angel.*

When fortune changed, and love fled far,
  And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
  Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
  That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
  For ever shining sweetly nigh.

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And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

. . . . . .

Thou stood'st as stands a lovely tree,
Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

*Byron.*

---

Her saintly patience doth not fail,
She keepeth watch till morn.

. . . . . .

Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soil'd temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory, where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through that shadow-land,
Her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream.

*Gerald Massey.*

---

To the honour, to the eternal honour of the sex, be it stated, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is to them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from love, honour, innocence, and religion. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice

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*Woman — as a Ministering Angel.*

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of affliction—*never!* The chamber of the sick—the pillow of the dying—the vigils of the dead—the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the "winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her," on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

*Balfour.*

---

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
When she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.

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When wounded sore on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She call'd their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence still'd the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then,
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale;
They woke: the angel bending there
Was—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!

*Bennoch.*

---

About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I

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briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these :—

"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he," &c.

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes.

*Mungo Park.*

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The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

*Byron.*

---

Fair ladies! you drop manna in the way of starved people.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Angelic Beauty.*

Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair
Than beauty at your birth has given;
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for Heaven.

*Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

---

With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps: hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside

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Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends,
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles, and pleasure sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering, blend
Their soft allurement.

*Akenside.*

---

*Her Angelic Nature.*

A creature as fair and innocent of guile, as one of God's own angels, fluttered between life and death! Oh! who could hope, when the distant world to which she was akin, half opened to her view, that she would return to the sorrow and calamity of this? Rose, Rose, to know that you were passing away like some soft shadow, which a light from above casts upon the earth; to have no hope that you would be spared to those who linger here; hardly to know a reason why you should be; to feel that you belonged to that bright sphere whither so many of the fairest and the best have winged their early flight; and yet to pray, amid all these consolations, that you might be restored to those who loved you—these were distractions almost too great to bear. They were mine by day and night, and with them came such a rushing torrent of fears, and apprehensions, and selfish regrets, lest you should die, and never know how devotedly I loved you, as almost bore down sense and reason in its course. You recovered. Day by day, and almost hour by hour, some drop of health came back, and mingling with the speech and feeble stream of life which circulated languidly within you, swelled it again to a high and rushing tide. I

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have watched you change almost from death to life, with eyes that turned blind with their eagerness and deep affection.

*Dickens.*

---

O Woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how, in the great and rare events of life, dost thou swell into the angel!

*Bulwer.*

---

There is a bud in life's dark wilderness,
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress:
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry:
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.
Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.
Yet, lovely woman! yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile;
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone:
But oh! how most deceived, whose creed hath given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven!
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell:
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray:

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Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek;
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

*Beresford.*

---

*In her Moods of Anger.*

A noisy crowd,
Like woman's anger, impotent and loud.

*Dryden.*

---

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school,
And though she be but little—she is fierce.

*Shakespeare.*

---

Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*An Anxious One.*

The hue of her countenance had changed to a marble whiteness; its expression had lost nothing of its beauty; but it was changed, and there was an anxious haggard look

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about the gentle face which it had never worn before. Another minute, and it was suffused with a crimson flush, and a heavy wildness came over the soft blue eye. Again this disappeared, like the shadow thrown by a passing cloud, and she was once more deadly pale.

*Dickens.*

---

*How Apostrophized.*

It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

---

Lady, you can enchain me with a smile.

---

Your name, like some celestial fire, quickens my spirit.

---

There's music in your smiles.

---

Report could never have a sweeter air to fly in than your breath.

---

Would I were secretary to your thoughts!

*Edward Philips, nephew of Milton.*

---

Though fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world!

*Byron.*

---

*Her Sweet Attractions.*

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,

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Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

*Booth.*

---

*Her Varied Attractions.*

She did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth—
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

*Shakespeare.*

---

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love ye.
Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

*Rochester.*

---

*Attributes of.*

Faithful—as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome;
Sweet—as to shipwreck'd seamen land and home;
Lovely—as a child, the parents' sole delight;
Radiant—as morn, that breaks a stormy night;

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Grateful—as streams, that, in some deep recess,
With crystal rills the panting traveller bless.

*Yonge.*

---

Fear, and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self.

*Shakespeare.*

---

Honour to women! entwining and braiding
Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,
In the veil of the Graces all modestly kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they bless'd,
And, tending with hands ever pure, have caress'd
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

The glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light wooes the fugitive back, ever throwing
A link round the present, that binds as a spell.
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As Nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell!

Women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,—
More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavour
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

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Awoke like a harp, and as gently resembling
Its murmuring chords to the night-breezes trembling,
Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:
Touch'd lightly, touch'd deeply, oh! ever she borrows
Grief itself, from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with heaven's holiest dew.

And gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the Graces around her are smiling,
Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,
To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,
All hopes and emotions they else had denied.

*From the German of Schiller.*

---

O, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering; an endurance
Through scorn or trial: these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels!

*Brent.*

---

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Shakespeare.*



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Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled;
The cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd.

*Logan.*

---

*Her Peculiar Attributes.*

If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valour, as being essential to the character of manhood. In the like manner, if you describe a right woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life which distinguish her from the other sex; with some subordination to it, but such an inferiority that makes her still more lovely.

*Sir Richard Steele.*

---

Her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Maiden Bashfulness.*

The most profligate men will, in a sober mood, be charmed with the bashful air and reserved conduct of an amiable young woman, infinitely more than they ever were with all the open blaze of laboured beauty and arrogant claims of undisguised allurement; the human heart, in its better sensations, being still attempered to the love of virtue. Simplicity, the inseparable companion both of genuine grace

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and of real modesty, if it does not always strike at first (of which it seldom fails), is sure, however, when it does strike, to produce the deepest and most permanent impression.

*Fordyce.*

---

*Her Beauty.*

Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen.
And her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.

*Greene.*

---

It makith lovers to have remembraunce
Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
That Hope hath hight hym for to wynne.
For Thought anoon thanne shalle bygynne,
As ferre, God wote, as he can fynde,
To make a mirrour of his mynde,
For to biholde he wole not lette.
Hir person he shalle afore hym sette,
Hir laughing eyen, persaunt and clere,
Hir shappe, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,
Hir mouth that is so gracious,
So swete, and eke so saverous;
Of alle hir fetures he shalle take heede,
His eyen with alle hir lymes fede.

*Chaucer.*



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She walks in beauty,—like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

*Byron.*

---

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! Fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss—one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do it! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

*Shakespeare.*

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Oh, she is all perfections,
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair,
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious!

*Lee.*

---

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face!
Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet.

*Shakespeare.*

---

A maid of grace, and complete majesty.

*Shakespeare.*

---

Thou cam'st, my sparkling Bird of Paradise!
With a soft murmuring, as of winnowing wings,
That fold the nest, so dove-like tenderly!
With brows that parted lovely waves of hair,
And took the gazer's eye like some white Grace.
Eyes, loving large! Lips Houri-like, that light
A soul to glory with their kiss of fire,
And cheeks fresh-misted with the bloom of morn.
And thou didst move a splendour mid life's shadows,
Making a Rembrandt picture.

*Gerald Massey.*

---

*Her Beauty.*

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The sun that makes it, 's not so fair;

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The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea served him for a looking-glass.

*Cowley.*

---

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love.

*Dryden.*

---

*Her Beauty augmented in the Eyes of a Weeping Lover.*

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams when their fresh rays have smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Thro' the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face thro' tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Bashful Beauty.*

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens heaven.

*Rev. John Logan.*

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*Beauteous Bearing of.*

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp.

*Milman.*

---

*Budding into Beauty.*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Budding Beauty.*

Thy unripe youth seem'd like the purple rose
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within its mossy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose.
Or like Aurora, when the heaven first glows,—
For likeness from above will suit thee best,—
When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,
And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.
No loss from time thy riper age receives ;
Nor can young beauty, deck'd with art's display,
Rival the native graces of thy form :
Thus lovelier is the flower whose full-blown leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

*Wiffen.*

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*Her Beauty a World of Charms.*

View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world's variety:
For colour, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks:—
Wonder in every portion of that throne.

*John Ford.*

---

*Her Contemplative Beauty.*

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features, caught
From contemplation, where, serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That but I know thy blessèd bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Beauty in Death.*

She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

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She died in beauty !—like the snow
Of flowers dissolved away ;
She died in beauty !—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory !—like Night's gems
Set round the silver moon ;
She lives in glory !—like the sun
Amid the blue of June !

*Sillery.*

---

*Her Dream-like Beauty.*

The cast of her beauty was so dream-like, and yet so varying ; her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of woman ; it had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealous, and all angry feeling ; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and fairy-like in its fondness, that it was difficult to bear only the sentiments of earth for one who had so little of earth's clay. When I am alone with nature, methinks a sweet sound, or a new-born flower, has something of familiar power over those stored and deep impressions which do make her image, and brings her more vividly before my eyes, than any shape or face of her own sex, however beautiful it may be.

*Bulwer.*

---

*Her Beauty beyond Description.*

A brow so arch'd and clear,
Not Raphael's self had limn'd it ;

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A lip whose bloom would scarce appear,
Though fifty poets hymn'd it:
An eye, as if an angel's tear
Had gently dew'd, not dimm'd it.

*W. Grant.*

---

*Ethereal Beauty and Grace of.*

He gazed—he saw—he knew the face
Of beauty and the form of grace.
* * * * *
The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye, had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

*Byron.*

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*Her Exceeding Beauty.*

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspéct would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain—for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?
Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row;
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move;
Throned in her heart sits love's high majesty,—
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

*Giles Fletcher.*

---

Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breathed;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes

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Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn,
Effusive, trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: full diffused,
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she waved a living branch,
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner moved: the prime of age
Composed her steps. The presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthroned,
From each majestic motion darted awe,—
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she poised the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams thro' vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested.

*Akenside.*

---

In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty so divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itself did shine
In her more heavenly face:

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What form she pleased each thing would take
That e'er she did behold ;
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
Gross iron turn to gold.
Such power there with her presence came,
Stern tempests she allay'd ;
The cruel tiger she could tame,—
The raging torrents stay'd.
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
Again she made to die ;
She raised a war, appeased a strife,
With turning of her eye.
Some said a god did her beget,
But much deceived were they :
Her father was a rivulet,
Her mother was a fay.
Her lineaments so fine that were,
She from the fairy took ;
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.

*Drayton.*

---

Oh ! what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

*Moore.*

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It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France (Marie Antoinette), then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

*E. Burke.*

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Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass,—
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip, that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madame, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace—
Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.

*T. Randolph.*

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Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth;
Thy fairs, unpattern'd, all perfection stain;
Sure Heaven, with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.
Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts; deadly those weapons show;
Yet sweet the death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

*Giles Fletcher.*

---

*Expressionless Beauty in.*

He look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,
So deeply changed from what he knew:
Fair, but faint,—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day.
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath;
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd

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With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless, who walk in a troubled dream;
* * * * *
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Beauty elevated by thoughtful Expression.*

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep blue eyes—but oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow;
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

*Byron.*

---

*Beauty unimpressive without Expression.*

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

*Hughes.*



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*Her Beauty compared to Flowers.*

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver-crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm incloses
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck is like a stately tower,
Where Love itself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.

*Hodge.*

---

*Her Recollection of Faded Beauty.*

When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the *old* love to remember how it once was fresh, and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days; the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

*W. M. Thackeray.*

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*Woman — as an Old Lady.*

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*Her Gentle Beauty.*

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
Till it fel oones in a morne of May,
That Emilie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalkes grene,
And frescher than the May with floures newe;
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,
I wot which was the fyner of hem two.
Er it was day, as sche was wont to do,
Sche was arisen, and alredy dight,—
For May wole have no sloggardye a night.
The sesun priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleepe sterte,
And seith, "Arys, and do thin observance."
This maked Emilye have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to ryse.
I-clothed was sche fressh for to devyse.
Hire yowle heer was browdid in a tresse
Byhynde hir bak, a yerde long I gesse.
And in the gardyn, as the sonne upriste,
Sche walketh up and doun wher as hire liste.
Sche gadereth floures, partye whyte and reede,
To make a certeyn garland for hire heede,
And as aungel hevenly sche song.

*Chaucer.*

---

*Glorious in her Beauty.*

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?



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Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory
Is beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those or they
Do, shall, and must obey.

*John Ford.*

---

Her stature like the tall straight cedar-trees,
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno, when she braved
The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd;
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge.
A lip, sweet ruby-red, graced with delight;
A cheek wherein, for interchange of hue,
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
When chilling frost doth chill the azure sky;
Her hair, of golden hue, doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;

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A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands.
To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps;
A piece, despite of beauty, framed
To show what Nature's lineage could afford.

*Robert Greene.*

---

*Her Beauty and Goodness combined.*

Beauty and she are one, for in her face
Sits sweetness temper'd with majestic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.

*Duke.*

---

*In her Modest Beauty.*

And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song,
Form'd by the Graces,—loveliness itself;
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure that deeply pierce the soul;
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart.
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

*Thomson.*

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### *Her Monopoly of Beauty.*

Woman may be said almost to enjoy the monopoly of personal beauty. A good-humoured writer thus defines her position in this respect, as contrasted with the opposite sex :—If you, ladies, are much handsomer than we, it is but just you should acknowledge that we have helped you, by voluntarily making ourselves ugly. Your superiority in beauty is made up of two things :—first, the care which you take to increase your charms ; secondly, the zeal which we have shown to heighten them by the contrast of our finished ugliness,—the shadow which we supply to your sunshine. Your long, pliant, wavy tresses are all the more beautiful because we cut our hair short ; your hands are all the whiter, smaller, and more delicate, because we reserve to ourselves those toils and exercises which make the hands large and hard. We have devoted entirely to your use flowers, feathers, ribbons, jewellery, silks, gold and silver embroidery. Still more to increase the difference between the sexes, which is your greatest charm, and to give you the handsome share, we have divided with you the hues of nature. To you we have given the colours that are rich and splendid, or soft and harmonious ; for ourselves we have kept those that are dark and dead. We have given you sun and light ; we have kept night and darkness.

*Doran.*

---

### *Her Beauty compared to an Orchard.*

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;

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A heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

These cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow:
Yet there no peer, nor prince, may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still;
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand,
Threatening, with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

*R. Alison.*

---

*Her Beauty beyond the Painter's Art.*

Painter, the utmost of thy judgment show,
Exceed e'en Titian and great Angelo;
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter where such beauty dwells,
Her charms, thy colours and thy art excels.
Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces which sparing Nature never gave;
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;

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So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright;
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

*Pomfret.*

---

*Her Perennial Beauty.*

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

*Lowell.*

---

*Beauty tried by Poverty.*

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself. *Colton.*

---

*Dangerous Power of her Beauty.*

Mark'd you her eye of heavenly blue?
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye, in liquid circles moving;
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving;
The one, love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound?

*R. B. Sheridan.*

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*Her Queenly Beauty.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

*Sir H. Wotton.*

---

*Her Reflected Beauty.*

I saw thee weave a web with care,
Where, at thy touch, fresh roses grew,
And marvell'd they were form'd so fair,
And that thy heart such nature knew.

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Alas! how idly my surprise,
Since naught so plain can be;
Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
And in thy breath their perfume lies,—
Their grace, their beauty, all are drawn from thee!

*Étienne Jodelle.*

---

*Her Beauty in Repose.*

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Which, therefore, swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of so much bliss;
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blush'd—'cause it had done the wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a daisie in a field of grass,
And show'd like unmelt snow unto the sight;
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison Beauty till the morn;
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and show'd itself in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as 't came near her face.

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Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) divided,
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport;
But these as rude her breath put by; still some
Wiselyer downwards sought; but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

*Sir J. Suckling.*

---

*Respect inspired by her Beauty.*

Thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Beauty compared to Roses.*

Ladye! when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours;
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours—
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

*J. Wilbye.*

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*Her Beauty with Sense irresistible.*

How much superior beauty awes
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and sweetness join'd.

The casket, where to outward show
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valued when we know
It holds a gem within.

*Bickerstaff.*

---

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

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But ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there!

*Akenside.*

---

With each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek.

*Jerningham.*

---

*Her Beauty's Spell.*

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Shakespeare.*

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*Her Beauty likened to the Sun.*

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem'd without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,—
Hope and Beauty, fare-ye-well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted;
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.

*Charles Wolfe.*

---

*Her Beauty Supreme.*

There is a red
Exceedes the damaske rose,
Which in her cheeks is spred,
Whence every favor growes.
In skie there is no starre
But she surmounts it farre.

*Earl of Oxford.*

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*Soul-less Beauty repellent in.*

She has neither savour nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past,
Perfectly beautiful, let it be granted her ; where is the fault ?
All that I saw—for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen—
Faultily faultless ; icily regular, splendidly null,—
Dead perfection, no more. . . .
. . . From which I escaped heart-free,
With the least little touch of spleen.

*A. Tennyson.*

---

*Serenity of her Beauty.*

Her face is oval, and her eye,
Looks like the heaven in Italy,—
Serenely blue and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light.

*W. M. Praed.*

---

*Unconscious of her Beauty.*

All nature's charms in her appear
Bright as her eye, and as her reason clear ;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

*Earl of Halifax.*

---

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam !

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Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

*Rev. John Logan.*

---

*Her Beauty best when Unalloyed.*

Such ruby lips, and such a lovely bloom,
Disdaining all adult'rate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face.

*Massinger.*

---

*Unfading Nature of her Beauty.*

I would not have thee young again,
Since I myself am old;
Not that my youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold.
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath pass'd away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and though, in part,
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Is singing to mine own.

*Stephen Massett.*

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*Her Beauty augmented by Virtue.*

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

*Addison.*

---

*Her Winning Beauty.*

Phicicians and advocates
Gone right by the same yates.
They selle her science for wynnyng,
And haunte her crafte for gret getyng.
Her wynnyng is of such swetnesse,
That if a man falle in sikenesse,
They are fulle glad, for ther encrese;
For by her wille, withoute leese,
Everiche man shulde be seke,
And though they die, they sette not a leke.

*Chaucer.*

---

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm, that won the way
At once into the heart.

*Rev. John Logan.*

---

*Her Bedchamber.*

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste.

*Keats.*



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Her bedchamber,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; and the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride; a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value, which I wondered
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought.

* * * * *

The chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted; her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Woman of Rank, her Bedchamber, in olden times.*

A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows

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broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a Missal and Breviary, gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod, supporting a vase of holy-water: certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropt over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes, burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly-tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber, and purple on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

*Rev. C. Maturin.*

---

*Her Benevolence.*

Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents other five she made.

* * * * * *



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Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise,—the soul gave all ;
Unbribed it gave ; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven, to heap huge treasures there.
* * * * * *
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs ;
A future cordial for a fainting mind,
For what was ne'er refused, all hoped to find,
Each in his turn : the rich might freely come,
As to a friend ; but to the poor 'twas home.
As to some holy house, the afflicted came,
The hunger-starved, the naked, and the lame,—
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like hers her servants were too slow ;
She was the first, where need required, to go ;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.

*Dryden.*

---

*A Blessing.*

Blessing she is ; God made her so ;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow ;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

*Lowell.*

---

*Her Blush.*

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move,
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

*Gray.*

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*Her Blush Eloquent.*

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.

*Dr. Donne.*

---

*Her Bosom.*

A bosom breathing balm.

*Gerald Massey.*

---

Her bounteous breast that breathed magnificence,
And billow'd with proud blood.

*Idem.*

---

*A Calculating One.*

She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—"Now, I may."
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind ;
See suitors following, and not look behind.

*Shakespeare.*

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*Her Castles in the Air.*

Once on a time, a rustic dame
(No matter for the lady's name),
Wrapp'd up in deep imagination,
Indulged her pleasing contemplation ;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And placed the milk-pail at her feet ;
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence ;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and "monstrous" gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.
"Please Heaven but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth ;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
Oh ! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
With all the pride of female arts !
What suitors then will kneel before me !
Lords, earls, and viscounts shall adore me.
When in my gilded coach I ride,—
"My lady" at his "lordship's" side,
How will I laugh at all I meet
Clatt'ring in pattens down the street !
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,
Howe'er I loved him heretofore ;

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Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

*Lloyd.*

---

*Caution to.*

Beware, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloss of silken clothes
Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
When none regard the stalk it grows upon;
Baseness desires the fruit still to devour,
And leave the tree to stand or fall alone:
*But this advice, fair creature, take of me,*
*Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.*

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Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men ;
Credit no vows, nor a prevailing song ;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
The heart doth live ten legions from the tongue :
For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
Believe them least, for then they most dissemble.

Beware lest Crœsus do corrupt thy mind,
Or fond Ambition sell thy modesty ;
Say, though a king thou even courteous find,
He cannot pardon thy impurity.
Begin with kings, to subjects you will fall,
From lord to lacquey, and at last to all.

*Sylvester.*

---

*Her Varied Character.*

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one.

*Marston.*

---

*Three Characteristics of.*

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud ;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired ;
'Tis modesty, that makes them seem divine !

*Shakespeare.*

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*Her Charity.*

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

*Lowell.*

---

*Her Charms irresistible.*

Lo! she cometh in her beauty,
Stately, with a Juno grace,
Raven locks, Madonna braided
O'er her sweet and blushing face:
Eyes of deepest violet, beaming
With the love that knows not shame—
Lips that thrill my inmost being
With the utterance of a name.
And I bend the knee before her,
As a captive ought to bow:
Pray thee, listen to my pleading,
Sovereign of my soul art thou!

*W. Aytoun.*

---

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command—
Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;

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'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.

*Dr. Young.*

---

*Potency of her Charms.*

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

*Booth.*

---

*Her Varied Charms.*

Her lovely forehead and her killing eye,
Her blushing cheeks of a vermilion dye,
Her lips' soft pulp, her heaving snowy breast,
Her well-turn'd arm, her handsome slender waist,
And all below veil'd from the curious eye;
Oh! heavenly maid! makes all beholders cry.

*Thomson.*

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*Her Charms ever fresh to a Lover.*

Chloe, why wish you that your years
  Would backwards run, till they meet mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
  Things unto things, might us combine.
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
  First strikes the new awakened sense;
The other when two souls unite;
  And we must count our life from thence:
When you loved me, and I loved you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
  And in those souls did plant new pow'rs:
Since when another life we live,
  The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
Whom he finds young, he keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
  Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all;
  None too much, none too little have;
Nay, that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
  Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
  Do, like our souls, in one combine;

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So, by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

*W. Cartwright.*

---

*The Chase unbecoming to.*

If the rougher sex, by this fierce sport,
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair,
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection, more engaging man.

*Thomson.*

---

*Her Chastity.*

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or, that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

*Addison.*

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*Angelic in her Chastity.*

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.

*Hermes.*

---

*Her dimpled Cheek.*

Lo! Charmian in her summer-sumptuous beauty!
And oft the dimple gleam'd upon her cheek,
To vanish like a dewdrop in a rose.

*Gerald Massey.*

---

*Her Cheeks.*

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

*Suckling.*

---

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

*Mallet.*

---

*Her Cheek pallid.*

A virgin whiteness in a dream of bloom,
Gave to her tender cheeks their taking tint.

*Gerald Massey.*

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*A Cheerful.*

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions.

*Byron.*

---

*Cheerfulness better than Beauty.*

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks, so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell.

*Sir T. Wyatt.*

---

*Must be Circumspect.*

A woman hath in every state
Most need of circumspection; most of all
When she becomes a wife! She is a spring
Must not be doubted; if she is, no oath
That earth can utter will so purge the stream,
That men will think it pure.

*J. S. Knowles.*

---

*The Companion of Man.*

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him.

*Milton.*

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*A Companion meet for Man.*

Woman was made out of the rib, taken from the side of a man; not out of his head, to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

*Matthew Henry.*

---

To be man's tender mate was woman born,
And in obeying nature she best serves
The purposes of Heaven.

*Schiller.*

---

For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More, as the double-natured poet, each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the *to-be*,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other e'en as those we love.

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Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind!

*Tennyson.*

---

For me I'm woman's slave confest—
Without her, hopeless and unblest;
And so are all, gainsay who can,
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile.
Even tho' he boasted monarch's name
And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme,
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely woman were away,
What were his life? what could it be?
A vapour on a shoreless sea;
A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,
Amongst the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a steersman or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before,
Or hope of haven evermore;
A thing without a human tie,
Unloved to live,—unwept to die.
Then let us own thro' nature's reign,
Woman the light of her domain;
And if to maiden love not given
The dearest bliss below the heaven,
At least due homage let us pay
In reverence of a parent's sway,

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To that dear sex whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill,
A motive that can never cloy,
Our glory, honour, and our joy ;
And humbly on our bended knee,
Acknowledge her supremacy.

*Hogg.*

---

Well I understand, in the prime end
Of nature, her the inferior in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel ;
In outward, also, her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures : yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded : wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows :
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat,
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

*Milton.*



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*Lovely in Death.*

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

*Byron.*

---

*Loving Companion of Man.*

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

*Lowell.*

---

*Companionship of.*

Women were manifestly intended to be the mothers and formers of a rational and immortal offspring; to be a kind

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of softer companions, who, by nameless delightful sympathies and endearments, might improve our pleasures and soothe our pains; to lighten the load of domestic cares, and by that means leave us more at leisure for rougher labours or severer studies; and, finally, to spread a certain grace and embellishment over human life. To wish to degrade them from so honourable a station indicates a mixture of ignorance, grossness, and barbarity.

*Fordyce.*

---

Witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that *thou* hast doubled long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.

*Cowper.*

---

*Her Companionship Indispensable.*

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No: the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow from the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.



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Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the listening air:
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd:
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stay.
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

*Campbell.*

---

*Her Constancy.*

Oh, Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh, Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

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Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh, Nancy! canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

*Percy.*

---

*Constant, even when Unrequited.*

Man must be pleased; but him to please
Is woman's pleasure; down the gulf
Of his condoled necessities
She casts her best, she flings herself—

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How often flings for nought!—and yokes
Her heart to an icicle, or whim,
Whose every impatient word provokes
Another, not from her, but him;
While she, too gentle even to force
His penitence by kind replies,
Waits by, expecting his remorse,
With pardon in her pitying eyes;
And if he once, by shame oppress'd,
A comfortable word confers,
She leans and weeps against his breast,
And seems to think the sin was hers;
And whilst his love has any life,
Or any eye to see her charms,
At any time she's still his wife,
Dearly devoted to his arms;
She loves with love that cannot tire;
And when, ah woe! she loves alone
Through passionate duty love flames higher,
As grass grows taller round a stone.

*Coventry Patmore.*

---

*Consumptive.*

She grew a sweet and sinless child,
In shine and shower,—calm and strife;
A rainbow on our dark of life,
From Love's own radiant heaven down-smiled

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In lonely loveliness she grew,—
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit coming into view.

At childhood she could seldom play
With merry heart, whose flashes rise
Like splendour-wingèd butterflies
From honey'd hearts of flowers in May.

The fields in blossom flamed and flush'd,
The roses into crimson yearn'd,
With cloudy fire the wall-flowers burn'd,
And blood-red sunsets bloom'd and blush'd;

And still her cheek was pale as pearl,—
It took no tint of summer's wealth
Of colour, warmth, and wine of health:
Death's hand so whitely press'd the girl!

No blush grew ripe to sun or kiss
Where violet-veins ran purple light,
So tenderly thro' Parian white,
They touch'd you into tenderness.

A spirit look was in her face,
That shadow'd a miraculous range
Of meanings ever rich and strange,
Or lighten'd glory in the place.

*Gerald Massey.*

---

*Content in lowly Sphere.*

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins, all her little store,

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Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise, but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

*Cowper.*

---

### *A Contradiction.*

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best works, forms but a softer man.

*Pope.*

---

### *Her Coquetry.*

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

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I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
  That kisses everything it meets,
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
  Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
  Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
  When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;
  And I will sigh, while some will smile.
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

*Sir R. Ayton.*

---

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

*Rochester.*

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Women can less easily surmount their coquetry than their passions.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

---

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frown, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.

*Daniel.*

---

O! they love least who let men know their love.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Coquetry in Dress Allowable.*

Men born to labour, all with pains provide,
Women have time to sacrifice to pride;
They want the care of man: their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show.

*Parnell.*

---

*Her Coquetry Cured.*

Would you teach her to love?
For a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile,
She shortly will smile,
And then you may win your coquette.

*Byron.*

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I know a maiden, fair to see;
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be;
Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee.

She has two eyes, so soft and brown;
Take care!
She gives a side-glance, and looks down;
Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee.

She gives thee a garland woven fair;
Take care!
It is a fool's cap, for thee to wear;
Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee.

*Longfellow.*

---

*Friendly Counsel to.*

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit 's mine to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:

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All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays ;
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abused.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition ?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
How few with all their pride of form can move !
How few are lovely, that are made for love !
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind, as well as dress ;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
Of those who claim it, more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame

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Can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without all beauty, and all peace within.

*Lyttelton.*

---

*Most at Home in Country Life.*

Dear child of Nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own delightful days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,
As if thy heritage were joy,
And pleasure were thy trade;
Thou, while thy babies round thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

*Wordsworth.*

---

*Her Dauntless Courage.*

She sought her lord, and found him where he stood
About the hall, among his dogs, alone. * *
She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"*You would not let your little finger ache*
*For such as these.*" "But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul,

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Then fillipp'd at the diamond in her ear:
"Oh ay, oh, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd: "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding as in scorn,
He parted. * *

So, left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people. Therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapp'd
In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity;
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.

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The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and over head
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till last she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,
Peep'd; but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropp'd before him. So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused:
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower: whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Rustic Courtship.*

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.

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Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd, glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithsome I cried: "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer;
But I can guess: ye're gaun to gather dew."
She scour'd away, and said: "What's that to you?"
"Then, fare-ye-weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right sleeveless errand back.
Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,

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But weel I kenn'd she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

*Allan Ramsay.*

---

*Creation of.*

Under His forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before.
* * * * * * adorn'd
With all that earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by His voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

*Milton.*

---

More lovely than a vision brought
From out the fairy realms of thought;
Serene and silent, with a grace
Divinely breathed o'er form and face,
In full array of love and light,
That dazzled his adoring sight,



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By soul and sense to be revered,
The angel of the world appear'd !
Then what a starry welcome rang !
Each orb an hymeneal sang,
While shapes unutterably bright,
From heaven gazed down with new delight,
When first the ground a woman trod,
Just moulded by the hand of God !
Around her breast in wreathy play,
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay ;
And limbs unveil'd a radiance cast
Of purity, as on she pass'd
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers
That cluster'd round Elysian bowers:
The bird and breeze together blent
Their notes in mildest languishment ;
The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen.

*R. Montgomery.*

---

*Daring when Provoked.*

*Lopez:* Methinks a woman dares not——
*Roderigo:* Thou speakest poorly ;
What dares not woman when she is provoked,
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury ?

*Fletcher.*

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*A Cruel One Denounced.*

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
* * * * * * *
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*A Dutiful Daughter makes the best Wife.*

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, I mean from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be, "Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection, indicated by such a behaviour, joined to the habit of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.

*Fordyce.*



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*As a Daughter, Purity of a Father's Love to.*

Certain it is that there is no kind of affection so purely angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire; to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.

*Addison.*

---

Of all the knots which nature ties,
The secret, sacred sympathies,
That, as with viewless chains of gold,
The heart a happy prisoner hold;
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure;
None is more pure of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest Heaven,
Than that which binds, in bonds how blest,
A daughter to a father's breast.

*J. W. Cunningham.*

---

*Her Dignity in Death.*

In certain records thus we find, that the king being in his justs at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster, and the next day after Queen Anne, his wife, was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and certain other, and the nineteenth day after was beheaded. The words of this worthy and Christian lady at

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her death were these: "Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul." And so she kneeled down, saying, "To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul," repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words spoken at her death declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty, and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commen-

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dation she left behind her, that during her life the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

*John Fox.*

---

*Lovely in Death.*

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

*Byron.*

---

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind,
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe.

*Gray.*

---

Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,

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In her white bosom—look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford:
Nothing of her but this!

*Dekker.*

---

*Her Peace in Death.*

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven and she was there.
No pains she suffer'd, nor expired with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice.

*Dryden.*

---

*Her Dependence on Man.*

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek; and, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart

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laid to rest. The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not, the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and the hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection. *Bethmont.*

---

*Angel-like in her Devotions.*

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst;
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven.

*Keats.*

---

*Devotedness of.*

There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom

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reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honour more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of *self* in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another;—that one is woman.

*Washington Irving.*

---

Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account, but the full sum of me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord

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Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*A Poet's Description of her Dignity.*

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heels; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary.

*Byron.*

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*Her Dignity of Mien.*

In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone:
But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody;
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect, yet waiving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.

*Scott.*

---

*Quick Discernment.*

She knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Disdain.*

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their powers bequeath
To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

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And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And, (as a victor) proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade;
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will or forget or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

*Thomas Stanley.*

---

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain—
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

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The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excell'd the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder !
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day !
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep ;
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep.

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May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

*Philip P. Cooke.*

---

*Her Gentle Disposition.*

Her sweet humour,
That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful,
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

---

*Disposition the Touchstone of her Character.*

Happy the man on whose marriage hearth temper smiles kind from the eyes of woman! "No deity present," saith the heathen proverb, "where absent—prudence"—no joy long a guest where peace is not a dweller. Peace so like faith that they may be taken for each other, and poets have clad them with the same veil. But in childhood, in early youth, expect not the changeless green of the cedar. Wouldst thou distinguish fine temper from spiritless dulness, from cold simulation, ask less what the temper than what the disposition. Is the nature sweet and trustful? is it free from the morbid self-love which calls itself "sensitive feeling," and frets at imaginary offences? is the tendency to be grateful for kindness—yet take kindness meekly, and accept as a benefit what the vain call a due? From dispositions thus

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blessed, sweet temper will come forth to gladden thee, spontaneous and free. Quick with some, with some slow, word and look emerge out of the heart. Be thy first question, "Is the heart itself generous and tender?" If it be so, self-control comes with deepening affection. Call not that a good heart which, hastening to sting if a fibre be ruffled, cries, "I am no hypocrite." Accept that excuse, and revenge becomes virtue. But where the heart, if it give the offence, pines till it win back the pardon, if offended itself, bounds forth to forgive, ever longing to soothe, ever grieved if it wound, then be sure that its nobleness will need but few trials of pain in each outbreak to refine and chastise its expression. Fear not, then; be but noble thyself, thou art safe!

*Bulwer.*

---

*Her Life Dress.*

Would my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.

Of high honoúr should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance, so good
Na deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be her body next,
Of chastity so white;
With shame and dread together mix't,
The same should be perfyte.

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Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lacit with lesured love;
The mailies of continuance
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown;
Purfill'd with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrit with fine fashioún.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole both wind and weit.

Her hat should be of fair havíng,
And her tippet of truth;
Her patelet of good pansing,
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair;
Her glovis of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickerness,
In sign that she nought slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,
That she wore never green nor gray,
That set her half so weel.

*Robert Henryson.*

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*Woman — as a Matron.*

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*Duties of.*

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

*Goldsmith.*

---

*Her strong Sense of Duty.*

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

*Tennyson.*



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*Eccentricity Unbecoming.*

Eccentricity in women is totally out of character. Neither genius, nor wit, nor generosity, nor even honesty, can make up for it; so peculiarly does the real power of a woman depend upon her power of pleasing, and so exclusively does that depend upon softness. Never was there such a mistake as when a female supposes that eccentricity can do more than amuse; that it should attract or inspire that fondness, that devotion of heart, which alone is love, which forms at once the pride of woman and the happiness of man. If woman was "Heaven's last best gift, the ever new delight" of man, it was because of her gentleness. That is properly the "strong enforcement" of the sex.

*Ward.*

---

*Economy her best Virtue.*

Let men say what they will; according to the experience I have learned, I require in married women the economical virtue above all other virtues.

*Fuller.*

---

*Her Economy and Benevolence.*

As free her alms—as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.
Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely managed, that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:

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Which to prevent, she still increased her store;
Laid up, and spared, that she might give the more.

*Dryden.*

---

*Her Educational Instinct.*

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone, uprise
His wakening arms; to her, those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

*Landor.*

---

*Her best Qualities improved by Education.*

I have those hopes of her good, that her Education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous Qualities, there, commendations go with pity, they are Virtues and Traitors too, in her, they are better for their simpleness: she derives her Honesty, and achieves her Goodness.

*Shakespeare.*



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*Her Silent Eloquence.*

A maiden hath no tongue—but thought.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Empire.*

The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

*Rousseau.*

---

*Of England.*

May my song soften, as thy daughters, I
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

*Thomson.*

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*Standard of Excellence.*

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

*Mason.*

---

*Her Loving Expectancy.*

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd :
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word.
"Oh ! are they safe ?" we ask not of success—
"But shall we see them ? will their accents bless ?—
"From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—
"They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe ?—
"Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
"And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes !"

*Byron.*

---

But are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
There is nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck at a',
There is nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman 's awa'.

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Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin 's at the door ?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pat ;
Gie little Kate her cotton goun,
And Jock his Sunday's hat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw ;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin goun,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin 's come to toun.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearly blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue ;
His breath 's like caller air ;
His very fit has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

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And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.

*W. J. Mickle.*

---

*Her Eyes.*

Oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

*Byron.*

---

Her eye, the pure ethereal blue.

*Logan.*

---

Her eyes were orbs of thought that on him burn'd,
Fervent as Hesper in the brow of Eve.

*Massey.*

---

Her eyes of violet-grey were colour'd rich
With gloom of tender thought, and mirror'd large
Within them starry futures swam and shone.

*Ibid.*

---

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She look'd as she had gather'd flowers
With little maids of Paradise.

*Ibid.*

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And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.

*Massey.*

---

*Iago:* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cassio:* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Shakespeare.*

---

——That eye—wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold, or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells.

*Byron.*

---

A lamp is lit in woman's eye
That souls else lost on earth remember angels by.

*Willis.*

---

Two of the fairest stars in all the heav'n
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return;
What if her eyes were there—they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eye in heav'n
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

*Shakespeare.*

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### *Her Eyes and Forehead.*

O Love! such dear eyes might have shone
As jewels in some starry brow!
Her brow flash'd glory like a shrine,
Or lily-bell with sun-burst bright;
Where came and went love-thoughts divine,
As low winds walk the leaves in light.

*Massey.*

---

### *Her Eyes Apostrophized.*

O, Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Those lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure, congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Shakespeare.*

---

### *Her Beaming Eyes.*

On women, Nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining;
But why did nature, in her choice combining,
Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,
That they might favour two with equal grace?

*Robert Greene.*

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*Magic Charm of her Eyes.*

Oh, fair and stately maid! whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies,
At the same torch that lighted mine;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,—
A sympathy divine.

Ah! let me blameless gaze upon
Features, that seem at heart my own;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels
Who charm the more their glance forbids;
Chaste—glowing underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels!

*Emerson.*

---

*Pure Expression of her Eyes.*

Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wand'ring earthward now—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still!

*T. Moore.*

---

*Eloquence of her Eyes.*

She has an eye that could speak,
Though her tongue were silent.

*Aaron Hill.*

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By day she moved
In some serene elysium; queenly sweet,
And gracious; breathing beauty; a heaven of dreams
In her large lotus eyes, darkly divine.

*Massey.*

---

*Fascination of her Eyes.*

Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well,
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
Yea, soul; and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer, nay.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Eyes expressive of her Mental Beauty.*

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear!

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

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*Her Eye all-powerful.*

Where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Eyes like Stars.*

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up!—look out! and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady! from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day!

*Pinkney.*

---

*Her Face.*

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;

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But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

*Ibid.*

---

Through my happy tears there look'd in mine
A face as sweet as morning violets;
A face alight with love ineffable,
The starry heart-hid wonder trembling through.

*Massey.*

---

A face like nestling luxury of flowers.

*Ibid.*

---

*Her Radiant Face.*

It is not night when I do see your face.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Not Fair when False.*

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are!
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

*Wither.*

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*As Fair as she is Good.*

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

*Lowell.*

---

*The Fairest thing in Mortal Eyes.*

To make my Lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought ;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave ;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enluminèd her grave ;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved, "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue :
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true !
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.

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He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more: my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deem'd by all—
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with His saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But nought our tears avail, or cries:
All, soon or late, in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

*Charles, Duke of Orleans.*

---

### *Fair, True, and Wise.*

Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
She shall be placèd in my constant soul.

*Shakespeare.*

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*Her Faithfulness.*

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love:
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
But the finger of Him above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my clothing e'er so mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down;
And Love wad winnow o'er us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is full of the presence of God,
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet amang the new flowers:
The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our gudeman sits in the bonnie sunshine
And a blithe auld bodie is he.

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The Beuk maun be ta'en whan he comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie ;
And I will speak of thee whan I pray,
And thou maun speak of me.

*Allan Cunningham.*

---

*Fate of Vain Beauty.*

She, who fond of dress, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face,
Sinks, as her beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs and the jest of fools.

*Cawthorn.*

---

*Fate when Fallen.*

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love,
While *woman*, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues ; reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore ;
In vain look back to what she was before ;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

*Rowe.*



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*Infamous when Fallen.*

Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes ;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Grieved I, I had but one ?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame ?
Oh, one too much by thee ? Why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ?
Who smearèd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, " No part of it is mine ;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud of ; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why she——Oh, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again !
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her sad Fate when Fallen.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?

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The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

*Goldsmith.*

---

*A Fond Farewell to a Loved One.*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!



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Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

*Burns.*

---

*Her Exquisite Feeling.*

Those lids o'er which the violet vein—
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That e'er did softest kiss invite—
Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below,
Which glance so heavily, and fill,
As tear on tear grows gathering still.

*Byron.*

---

*Alluring Beauty of her Feet.*

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

*Suckling.*

---

*Her Fickleness.*

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:

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'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Filial Example.*

She hath a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre.

*Lowell.*

---

*Her Firmness and Fidelity.*

Thy heart can feel, but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Airy Footstep.*

As falcon to the lure, away she flies,
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.

*Shakespeare.*

---

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-bell dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

---

Or like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

*Shakespeare.*

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*Soft Beauty of her Form.*

Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
*Byron.*

---

She was as tender
As infancy and grace.
*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Pious Fortitude.*

She bow'd her head before the throne
Of the Eternal King—
The sun upon her forehead shone
With the first light of spring;
In meekness and in love she stood,
A thing of mortal care;
But pure and strong is womanhood,
In faithfulness and prayer.

Oh! strong is woman in the power
Of loveliness and youth;
And rich in her heart's treasured dower
Of strong, unchanging truth;
But who may tell her spirit's might,
Above what strength may dare,
When in life's troubles and its night,
Her heart is bow'd in prayer?
*Stebbing.*

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Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair—and fairer than *that* word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
* * * * * *
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from ev'ry coast
Renownèd suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Frailty.*

That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Must I remember——why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman.
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why, she, even she——
(Oh, heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer——) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father

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Than I to Hercules. Within a month !——
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married——Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor can it come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Shakespeare.*

---

### *Man's Dearest Friend.*

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannèr.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and steadfast is :
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true.
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

*Robert de Brunne.*

---

### *A Tried Friend.*

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forbarest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—

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Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

*Byron.*

---

*A Froward One.*

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Often Froward when Chaste.*

Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity.

*Lord Bacon.*

---

*Froward.*

'Tis a good hearing, when Children are toward;
But a harsh hearing, when Women are froward.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Frowns of Short Duration.*

When my wife frowns, two perpendicular wrinkles, each three-quarters of an inch in length, are formed in the forehead, the base of each resting upon the top of the nose, and equidistant from each other. The poets have attributed

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dreadful effects to the frown of those whom they love. I cannot say that I ever experienced anything very formidable in my wife's. At present, she knew her eyes would give the lie to it if they looked at me steadily for a moment; so they wheeled to the left-about quick, off at a tangent—and then she smiled. She could not prevent the smile, but she tried to make it scornful.

*Southey.*

---

*A Frowning One.*

Whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*A Gay and a Sad One Contrasted.*

I saw two ladies once,—illustrious, rare;
One a sad sun; her beauties at mid-day
In clouds conceal'd;—the other, bright and gay,
Gladden'd, Aurora-like, earth, sea, and air.
One hid her light, lest men should call her fair,
And of her praises no reflected ray
Suffer'd to cross her own celestial way;—
To charm and to be charm'd, the other's care.
Yet *this* her loveliness veil'd not so well,
But forth it broke; nor could the other show
All hers, which wearied mirrors did not tell.
Nor of this one could I be silent, though
Bidden in ire;—nor that one's triumphs swell;
Since my tired verse, o'ertask'd, refused to flow.

*Torquato Tasso.*

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*Her Gentleness.*

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself:—and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!

*Shakespeare.*

---

There are some natures in this world of ours
That walk the earth with spirits wing'd for heaven,
So meek, so wholly strange to selfish thoughts,
That injuries in them wake no sense of wrong.
You might as soon to fierceness stir the lamb,
Or from the soak'd fleece strike the granite's fire,
As draw a spark from gentleness like theirs;
Heap on them ills on ills so numberless
That patience hardly could the load endure,
And, like the o'erladen camel, they shall sink,
But never murmur. Gentle souls like these
Do move among us, and of such was she.

*Bennett.*

---

*A Gifted One.*

Lady Jane Grey, before she was twelve years old, was mistress of eight languages. She wrote and spoke the English tongue with elegance and accuracy. French, Italian, Latin, and even Greek, she possessed to a perfection as if they were native to her, and she had made some progress in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Yet she did not, like some

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learned ladies I have heard of, in pursuit of these extraordinary acquisitions, fall into any neglect of those more useful and ornamental arts which are peculiarly to be desired in the female sex. The delicacy of her taste displayed itself in the variety of her needle-works, and even in the beauty and regularity of her handwriting. She played admirably upon various instruments of music, and accompanied them with a voice peculiarly sweet. What an agreeable picture does this history of the earliest years of Lady Jane Grey present to our fancy! Though of noble and royal descent, she did not think that excused her from the performance of her duties, or the cultivation of her mind. She was anxious to improve her moments. She had a delicate complexion, and a regularity and composure of features which expressed the steadiness of her thoughts. She discovered a clearness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment which enabled her not only to make herself mistress of languages, but of sciences, so that she thought, spoke, and reasoned upon subjects of the greatest importance, in a manner which surprised everybody. With these qualities, her good humour, humility, and mildness, were such, that she appeared to derive no pride from all her acquisitions.

*Marcliffe.*

---

*Her Craving for Gifts.*

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

* * * * * *

But she did scorn a present that I sent her,—
A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;

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*Woman — as a Girl.*

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Send her another, never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why?—the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say,
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away."
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*As a Girl.*

When bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward musings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed, thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

* * * * * *

Dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

*Sterling.*

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*Her Characteristic in Girlhood.*

Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
And innocence hath privilege in her,
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play ;
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gather'd round,
And take delight in its activity ;
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's,
Forth startled from the fern where she lay couch'd,
Unthought of, unexpected as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers ;
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-colour'd wings impress'd
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

*Wordsworth.*

---

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd
By the unceasing music of thy being !
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star ;
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.

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Thou later revelation! silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow! Oh, bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

*Alexander Smith.*

---

*A Country Girl's Purity.*

Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved,
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was hers, and innocence and truth;
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart.

*Falconer.*

---

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place!

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Country Girl.*

In a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not,

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with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, *and at night makes the lamb her curfew.* In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, it being in her mind to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

*Sir T. Overbury.*

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### *A Good One.*

This only we will say—that a good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and that we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty. Sweet and beautiful!—the fairest and the most spotless!—is it not pity to see them bowed down or devoured by Grief or Death inexorable—wasting in disease—pining with long pain—or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? *We* may deserve grief—but why should these be unhappy?—except that we know that Heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure.

*Thackeray.*

---

### *Picture of a Good One.*

A well-nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the Most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of Heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies upon her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. Instead of squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse the confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success, if the good man should



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happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too; her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to show the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." As charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her of their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of religion and honour, to the mansions of rest and glory. The crown which her own hands have formed shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life; and her good deeds shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till, awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

*Bishop Horne.*

---

*A Gossiping One.*

The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her train of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justified.

*Dryden.*

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*Her Grace and Goodness.*

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the Goodness, that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodness; but Grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Maiden Grace.*

And Mabel, saintly sweet and fairly fine
As maiden rising from enchanted mere;
Pale as a lily crown'd with moonlight calm:
A queenly creature with her quiet grace.

*Massey.*

---

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
Be half so fair as she!

*Gil. Vicente.*



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*Her Nameless Grace.*

You ask what charm in Nancy's face
This foolish heart has found?—
I cannot name one striking grace,
Of great and noble sound.
But there's a certain something there
My mind must needs adore;
A something not exactly fair,
And yet extremely more.
A finer face perhaps may try
A greater share of art,
And yet can only touch the eye,
But never strike the heart.
The sweetest soul, experience sees,
Inhabits plainest form,
And that alone can hope to please
Which has the power to charm.

*Kelly.*

---

*Intensity of her Grief.*

Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose;
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood,
As ice were in her curdled blood;

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But every now and then a tear,
So large and slowly gather'd, slid
From the long, dark fringe of that fair lid;
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak the thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.

*Byron.*

---

*Grief for when Lost.*

A loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*When overwhelmed by Grief.*

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—oh, how far!—it caught a glance of him,
And then it flow'd, and frenzied seem'd to swim
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes, dew'd
With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.

*Byron.*

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*Her Deep-seated Grief.*

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.

*Byron.*

---

*Flowers to bedeck her Grave.*

I'll sweeten thy sad grave, thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face—pale primrose ; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill, bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter in ground thy corse.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Hair.*

Soft hair, on which light drops a diadem.

*Massey.*

---

Her brow, fit home for daintiest dreams,
With such a dawn of light was crown'd,
And reeling ringlets shower'd round,
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams.

*Ibid.*

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*Her Hand.*

A dazzling white hand, vein'd cerulean.

*Massey.*

---

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
She caught at life with words as sweet
As first spring violets.

*Ibid.*

---

*Hateful as a Jilt.*

Oh, save me from the jilt's dissembling part,
Who grants to all her favours, none her heart;
Perverts the end of charming for the fame:
To fawn, her business, to deceive, her aim.

*Stillingfleet.*

---

*A Fair but Heartless one.*

Whence comes my love? oh, heart, disclose,—
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze,
Whence comes my woe? as freely own,—
Ah, me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

*Harrington.*

---

*As a Housewife.*

Tell me a thing she cannot dress,—
Soups, hashes, pickles, pudding, pies,
Nought comes amiss, she is so wise.

*Lloyd.*

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*Her Hate tempered by Love.*

Oh ! woman wrong'd can cherish hate,
More deep and dark than manhood may ;
But, when the mockery of fate
Hath left revenge its chosen way,
And the fell curse which years have nursed,
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst ;
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain—
Still lingers something of the spell
Which bound her to the traitor's bosom ;
Still, 'midst the vengeful fires of hell,
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

*Whittier.*

---

*Her Fulness of Heart.*

A maid of fullest heart she was ;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burn'd the same.
And in the heaven-lit path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.

*Patmore.*

---

*Her Heart the Seat of Passion.*

Woman may be a fickle thing, but it is where the captivation is of her fancy, not of her heart. Where she has

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formed the image in the play and wandering of her fine sensibilities, the same spell which called up the vision can lay it at its will; as the same breeze which shapes the cloud into fantastic beauty can sweep it away into nothingness. All that is of gay caprice perishes, and is made to perish. It builds the bower and rears the altar, and grows weary of both: the course of nature does the rest,—strips the bower of its blossoms, and melts away the altar. But woman is capable of an infinitely more profound, solemn, and enduring quality—true passion. Instead of being the birth of the sportive and frivolous, it belongs wholly to the more powerful minds. It is no factitious fire, sparkling and playing before the eye, to pass away in the litter of the hour; but an intense, deep-seated, and inextinguishable principle, which, as wisdom or weakness guides, may be the source of all that is noble and vigorous in the human character, or the instrument of utter ruin, a moral volcano, whose fire may be the hidden fount of luxuriance and beauty to all upon the surface, or may display its wild strength in consuming and turning it into barrenness for ever.

*Croly.*

---

*As an Heroic Wife.*

The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too!

*Canning.*

---

*Her Heroism in Adversity.*

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all

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the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising into mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs,—so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

*Washington Irving.*

---

*Most Lovely as a Housekeeper.*

Sole Eve, associate sole, to me, beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear!
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

*Milton.*

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*Her Housewifely Foresight.*

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow ;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With syrups that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and then :
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best ;
In sickness, hate trouble ; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul ; let no fancy prevail ;
Make ready to God-ward ; let faith never quail :
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner He ceaseth to scourge with His rod.

*Tusser.*

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*Home—a Lover's idea of a suitable.*

Nay, dearest, nay; if thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold,
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

* * * * * * * *

A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love! We'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours.
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

*Bulwer.*

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### *Home her True Sphere.*

Of what value are all the babblings and vain boastings of society, to that domestic felicity which we experience in the company of an amiable woman, whose charms awaken the dormant faculties of the soul, and fill the mind with finer energies; whose smiles prompt our enterprises, and whose assistance ensures success; who inspires us with congenial greatness and sublimity; who, with judicious penetration, weighs and examines our thoughts, our actions, our whole character; who observes all our foibles, warns us with sincerity of their consequences, and reforms us with gentleness and affection; who, by a tender communication of her thoughts and observation, conveys new instruction to our minds; and by pouring the warm and generous feelings of her heart into our bosoms, animates us incessantly to the exercise of every virtue; and completes the polished perfection of our character by the soft allurements of love, and the delightful concord of her sentiments. In such an intercourse, all that is virtuous and noble in human nature is preserved within the breast, and every evil propensity dies away. *Zimmermann.*

---

### *Wedded Love's First Home.*

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
The pebbly shore was cover'd o'er with many a varied shell,
And on the billows' curling spray the sunbeams glittering fell.

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The storm has vex'd that billow oft, and oft that sun had set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.
I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
Where none could hear what love reveal'd, or see the crimson cheek;
The shore was all deserted, and we wander'd there alone,
And not a human step impress'd the sand-beach but our own;
The footsteps all have vanish'd from the billow-beaten strand—
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.
Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endear'd by childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair Ohio's stream.
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roar'd,
For love unfurl'd her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soar'd,
And many a wide domain we pass'd, and many an ample dome,
But none so bless'd, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.
Beyond these mountains now are all that e'er we loved or knew,
The long remember'd many, and the dearly cherish'd few;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
Are there; and there is all the part to which the heart can turn;

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But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home—its hallow'd resting-place. *Hall.*

---

*Her Humility.*

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.
*Lowell.*

---

Virtue raised her fabric to the sky;
For that which is next heaven is charity.
But as high turrets, for their airy steep
Require foundations in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot
As to the nether heavens they drive the root;
So low did her secure foundation lie;
She was not humble, but humility;
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or (which is better) knew, but never durst compare.
For, to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;
Ascribed above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.
*Dryden.*

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*Impatient of Neglect.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And give my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars ;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
Cry, "Courage ! to the field !" and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires ; of trenches, tents ;
Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets ;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbèd stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. Oh, what portents are these !
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Shakespeare.*

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*An Incomparable One.*

*Her*, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.

* * * * * *

She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*Shakespeare.*

---

She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

*Ibid.*

---

*An Inconstant One.*

My dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
She 's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

*Rochester.*



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*Her Inconstancy.*

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,—
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere inthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;

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The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

*Sir R. Ayton.*

---

How is it, that women who profess a regard for honour, truth, and virtue, will, without scruple, converse, in general terms, with men who live in open defiance to these principles, if they are only recommended by a genteel address and appearance ; and will permit them, upon the easy condition of avoiding gross vulgar terms, to say things which they must surely despise ?

If they would resolutely treat with contempt the man who should dare to hint that he considers all women alike, it would prevent the ruin of many women, and be the most effectual step towards a reformation among men that I can think of. *John Newton.*

---

*Influence of.*

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife !—a mother !—two magical words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. Theirs is a reign of beauty, of love, of reason,—always a reign ! A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother ; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live ; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

*Martin.*



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For ever thine! though sea and land divide thee,
For ever thine!
Through burning wastes and winds,—whate'er betide me,—
For ever thine!
'Mid dazzling tapers in the marble palace,
For ever thine!
Beneath the evening moon in pastoral valleys,
For ever thine!
And when the feeble lamp of life, expiring,
Becomes divine,—
My breaking heart will echo, still untiring,
For ever thine!

*Matthisson.*

---

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels in its barrenness some touch of Spring,
And in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichens freshen and revive—
And thus the heart most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys at the smile of woman.

*Sir Joseph Beaumont.*

---

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dewdrops, whose lustre illumines the thorn,
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;

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'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and zest ;
And adorn'd by the bay, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

*Moore.*

---

Burns says with gloomy grandeur, "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." He who suffers thus cannot be relieved by any appliances save those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative—and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs, which, insignificant as they are in themselves, are felt to be little truthful realities that banish those monstrous phantoms, showing them to be but glooms and shadows.

*Professor Wilson.*

---

*Her Absorbing Influence.*

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight ;
By day that form their joys supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

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There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast ;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek ;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only—prest it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet !
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part !—ah, no !
They cannot part—those souls are one.

*Byron.*

---

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life

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Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Blessed Influence.*

Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
To the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall this land, this spot on earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? Look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
This land *thy* country, and this spot *thy* home.

*Montgomery.*

---

*Her Educational Influence.*

Fair womankind!
It 's they who nourish th' immortal mind.

*Hogg.*

---

*Her Elevating Influence.*

'Tis thine to curb the passions' madd'ning sway
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away:
'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed:

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To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless and to be blest.

*Graham.*

---

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

*Otway.*

---

*In Infancy.*

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale;
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue.
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart;
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush,

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To the mother linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys.
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

*Ambrose Philips.*

---

*Her Influence in every Clime.*

In the whole course of my life I never met a female, from the flat-nosed and ebony-coloured inhabitant of the tropics to the snow-white and sublime divinity of a Greek isle, without a touch of romance; repulsiveness could not conceal it, age could not extinguish it, vicissitude could not change it. I have found it in all times and places; like a spring of fresh waters starting up even from the flint; cheering the cheerless, softening the insensible, renovating the withered; a secret whisper in the ear of every woman alive, that, to the last, passion might flutter its rosy pinions round her brow.

*Croly.*

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*Her Inspiring Influence.*

Your wife and child—those pure motives
In those strong knots of love.

*Shakespeare.*

---

I think on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill!
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud!
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young, sweet smile I see,—
My heart,—my heart were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

*Hervey.*

---

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Influence on Social Morals.*

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they

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reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, courtesans or beasts of burthen, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if Nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our morality with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice: man cannot degrade women without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without himself becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress or thought, and under the load of a barbarous cultivation: women there are slaves. The other half advances toward freedom and light: the women are loved and honoured.

*Martin.*

---

*Her All-Pervading Influence.*

May thy tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

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And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
*This* be the female dignity and praise.

*Thomson.*

---

There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of a guileless heart. Beauty, too, has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind, and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as on a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her influence in making even those summer hours sweeter. But, as the companion of the mind, as the very model of a friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart of hearts, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his nobler tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love; where shall we find her equal? Or what must be our feeling towards the Mighty Disposer of earth, and all that it inhabits, but of admiration and grati-

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tude to that disposal which thus combines our highest happiness with our purest virtue?

*Croly.*

---

*Her Influence ever Present.*

Nearer and dearer
Each returning day,—
Dear when thou'rt with me,
Near when far away.
Though oft I languish
Far from home and thee,
Nearer and dearer
Still thou art to me.

Why, then, at parting
Shouldst thou shed one tear?
Think that our meeting
Will but be more dear.
Absent or present,
I but think of thee;
Nearer and dearer
Still thou art to me.

Nearer and dearer
Every day and hour,
O'er my fond heart,
Oh! doubt not thou thy power.
Thy fond affection
Shall my solace be;
Nearer and dearer
Still thou art to me.

*Carpenter.*

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*Her Purifying Influence.*

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and grey,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on the soul like balms;
'Mong the gorgeous storms of music in the mellow organ-calms;
'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood heedless, Barbara!

My heart was otherwhere,
While the organ fill'd the air,
And the priest with outspread hands bless'd the people with a prayer.
But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment. Oh, the face was like to thine,
Ere you perish'd, Barbara!

Oh, that pallid face!
Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place;
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,
And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,
When last I saw thee, Barbara!

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These dreary years, eleven,
Have you pined within your heaven,
And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was given?
And have you pass'd unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet face—
To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place?
Are you happy, Barbara?

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through lattice-bars
The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,
Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,
Wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lack'd;
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact,
Like a mild consoling rainbow o'er a savage cataract.
Love has saved me, Barbara!

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O Love! I am unblest,
With monstrous doubts opprest
Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and best.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were still'd; for Death has told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know,—things deeper than all lore.
Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!
You will never come again:—
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain,
The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea:
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,—
I am weary, Barbara!

*A. Smith.*

---

How often have I seen a company of men who were disposed to be riotous checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman! while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them into at least a temporary conviction that there is nothing so beautiful as female excellence, nothing so delightful as female conversation. To form the manners of men,

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nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will be always found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.

*Fordyce.*

---

Her eye, as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting,
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

*Knox.*

---

And must we part? then fare thee well!
But he that wails it—he can tell
How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
And ever must be, to this heart;
But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break,
Than one unholy thought awake;
I'd sooner slumber into clay
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;
Go, free as air—as angel free,
And, Lady, think no more on me.



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Oh ! did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine ;
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine ;
But now 'tis past—it cannot be ;
Farewell ! and think no more on me.

Or do !—but let it be the hour
When Mercy's all-atoning power
From His high throne of glory hears
Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears ;
Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
Then—then, oh Lady ! think on me.

*Callanan.*

---

*Power of her Social Influence.*

But know, my fair (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song),
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run ;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone ;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

*Prior.*

---

*As a Wife—Her Soothing Influence.*

Yes, a world of comfort
Lies in that one word, wife—After a bickering day,

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To come with jaded spirit home at night,
And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
At which, in dress of happy cheeks and eyes,
Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the board.

*Knowles.*

---

We sit serenely 'neath the night,
As still as stars with swift delight ;
In tears, that show how in life's deep
The hidden pearls of beauty sleep !
And quiet, as of sleeping trees,
And silence, as of sleeping seas.
The channels of our bliss run fill'd,
Their faintest happy murmur still'd.

Upon my forehead rests thy palm,
And on my spirit rests thy calm.
I cannot see thy cheek, but know
Its sea of rose-bloom hath a glow
Like ruby light, and richly lies
The dew i' the shadow of thine eyes :
Deep eyes ! like wells of tenderness,
That ask how they may soothliest bless.

Warm fragrance like the soul o' the South,
Is round us, and thy damask mouth,
With the sweet spirit of its breath,
Dissolves me in delicious death.
Musk-roses, blowing in the gloom,
Drop fragrance fainting in the room.



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Such sensuous sadness fills the air,
Ripe life a bloom of dew doth wear.

The harping hand hath dull'd the lyre
Of thrilling heartstrings—by their fire
That droops, the dreamy passions doze
In large luxuriance of repose.
While we our fields of pleasure reap,
Our babes lie in the wood of sleep :
One, first-love's dream of beauty wrought !
One, the more perfect afterthought.

We sit with silent glory crown'd,
And Love's arms wound like heaven round :
Or on rich clouds of fragrance swim
The summer dusk so cool and dim.
I only see that thou art near,
I only feel I have thee, dear !
I only hear thy throbbing heart,
And know that we can never part.

*Massey.*

---

*Her Influence universal.*

Oh, woman ! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

*Moore.*

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*Her Primeval Innocence.*

When lovely woman, perfect at her birth,
Blest with her early charms the wondering earth,
Her soul, in sweet simplicity array'd,
Nor shared my guidance nor required my aid.
Her tender frame, nor confident nor coy,
Had every fibre tuned to gentle joy.
No vain caprices swell'd her pouting lip,
No gold produced a mercenary trip;
Soft innocence inspired her willing kiss,
Her love was nature, and her life was bliss.
Guide of his reason, not his passion's prey,
She tamed the savage, Man, who bless'd her sway.
No jarring wishes fill'd the world with woes,
But youth was ecstasy, and age repose.

*Cowper.*

---

*Invulnerable, if Chaste.*

She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity, well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

*Shakespeare.*

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*Virulence of her Jealousy.*

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
*Shakespeare.*

---

*Innate Judgment of.*

In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our Church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning." No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to *tell how she got there.* How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but

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prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

*Boardman.*

---

I have no other than a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Innocence.*

I know her : the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
She must prove true : for, brother, where two fight
The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,
And you are happy.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Her Judiciousness.*

A *judicious* woman, that is diligent and religious, is the very soul of a house ; she gives orders for the good things of this life, and for those too of eternity. Men themselves, who have all the authority in public, cannot yet by their deliberations establish any effectual good, without the concurring assistance of women to carry them into execution.

*Bishop Horne.*

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*Kindness in.*

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

*Shakespeare.*

---

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

*Sir Walter Scott.*

---

*Kindliness of.*

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men ; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings ; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform an hospitable or generous action ; not haughty or arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society ; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and

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churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

*Layard.*

---

*Her Natural Kindliness.*

Dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound.

*Byron.*

---

*Kindliness her best Charm.*

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks;
Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seek,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with canary lined.

*Broome.*

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*As a Lady.*

I think it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance—women in whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong.

*Thackeray.*

---

*Her Joyous Laugh.*

And oft her laugh with reckless richness rung,
And shook a shower of music—pearls around.

*Massey.*

---

*Her Lips.*

Warm-wing'd ardours plumed her parted lips.
* * * * * * * *
Her lips, red-ripe—
Pouting persuasive in perpetual kiss.

*Ibid.*

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Her lips are roses ever wash'd with dew.

*Greene.*

---

*Their Persuasive Looks.*

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have by our arguments.

*Saville.*

---

*Lot of.*

Woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and, if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of her existence is at an end. She neglects all

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the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some casual indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that sapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

*Washington Irving.*

---

One only care your gentle breast should move—
Th' important business of your life is love.

*Lyttelton.*

---

*All Absorbed by Love.*

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

*Crowne.*

---

*The more Known the more Loved.*

Woman, the more she's known the more she pleases.
The blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;

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Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste the more she'll please.

*Massinger.*

---

*Much Learning Hazardous to.*

A passive understanding, to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that all is hazardous; I leave
Learning and pregnant wit in womankind:
What it finds malleable it makes frail,
And does not add more ballast, but more sail.

*Sir T. Overbury.*

---

*The Love of Ornaments Natural to.*

'Tis well, so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she arrays
The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all their glorious lights;
She spotted th' ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. . . . .You are the image
Of a bright goddess; therefore wear the jewels
Of all the East. Let the Red Sea be ransack'd
To make you glitter.

*Randolph.*

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*True Love for Grounded on Esteem.*

She that would raise a noble love must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind;
She must be that which she to be would seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem.
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.

*Duke of Buckingham.*

---

*Love for Founded on Esteem.*

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
For if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.

*Carew.*

---

*Love, advised to be Cautious in.*

A woman may easily prevent the first impressions of love, and every motive of prudence and delicacy should make her

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guard her heart against them, till such time as she has received the most convincing proofs of the attachment of a man of such merit as will justify a reciprocal regard. Miserable will be your fate if you allow an attachment to steal on you before you are sure of a return, or, what is infinitely worse, where there are wanting those qualities which alone can insure happiness in a married state.

*Gregory.*

---

*Her Love for her Child.*

There was a little woman on board with a little baby ; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was ; and all day long she wondered whether "he" would be at the wharf ; and whether "he" had got her letter ; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, "he" would know it meeting it in the street ; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely,

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that all the other lady-passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lapdog), old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such

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excitement she stopped her ears, lest she should hear "him" asking for her, but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all —Heaven knows how she ever got there!—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep! *Dickens.*

---

*Her Love Man's best Comfort.*

How sweet is woman's love, is woman's care!
When struck and shatter'd in a stormy hour
We droop forlorn! and man, with Stoic air,
Neglects, or roughly aids; then robed in power,
Then nature's angel seeks the mourner's bower.
How blest her smile that gives the soul repose!
How blest her voice, that, like the genial shower
Pour'd on the desert, gladdens as it flows,
And cheers the sinking heart, and conquers half our woes!

*Gally Knight.*

---

*Effects of Concealed Love.*

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,



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Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Considerate in Affairs of Love.*

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man; because love is more the study and business of her life.

*Washington Irving.*

---

*Beauty of Dawning Love.*

O love!—when womanhood is in the flush,
And man 's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.

*Cunningham.*

---

*Love to be Discriminated.*

Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth, and embaseth it.

*Bacon.*

---

*Her Love ever Enduring.*

He little knows
A woman's heart, who, when the cold wind blows,
Deems it will change. No—storms may rise,
And grief may dim, and sorrow cloud her skies,

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And hopeless hours, and sunless days come on,
And years, where all that spoke of bliss is gone,
And dark despair the gloomy future fill—
But, loving once, she loves through good and ill.

*Sandford Earle.*

---

*Her First Love.*

Ah! I remember well—and how can I
But evermore remember well—when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when, as we sat and sigh'd,
And look'd upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell;
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness,
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge—ah, how then
Would she, with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would she show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

*Daniel.*

---

*Her Growth in Love.*

They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole surviver of a company



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Who wander'd through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he call'd
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him;
So first our souls did mingle!

*Lor.* I perceive: you mingled souls until you mingled hearts?

You loved at last. Was't not the sequel, maid?

*Mar.* I loved, indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which to the ground, the rain and wind had beaten,
That flower of all our garden was my pride:
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up;
I saw, at last, the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirm'd, and broad, and glorious day!

*Lor.* You loved, and he did love?

*Mar.* To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved, it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon a stillness,
As nought remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion were extinct.
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,

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And ever and anon invoking honour,
As some high contest there were pending 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.
My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And ask'd me, one day, whither we should go?
I said: "To Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told I lived and died his love.

*J. S. Knowles.*

---

*Her Intense Love.*

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

---

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

*Byron.*

---

Oh, the love of woman—the love of woman! How high will it not rise! and to what lowly depths will it not stoop! How many injuries will it not forgive! What obstacle will it not overcome, and what sacrifices will it not make, rather than give up the being upon which it has been once wholly

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and truthfully fixed! Perennial of life, which grows up under every climate, how small would the sum of man's happiness be without thee! No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty, can extinguish thee! Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, when everything around thee there, is dead for ever!

*Carleton.*

---

### *Her Joyous Love.*

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,
With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd:
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,
As if to be assured 'twas him she grasp'd:
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
Her lover lived—nor foes nor fears could blight
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
That rock'd her heart till almost heard to throb:
And paradise was breathing in the sigh
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy.

*Byron.*

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*The Inheritor of Love's Kingdom.*

Ye gentle Ladies ! in whose soveraine powre,
Love hath the glory of his Kingdom left,
And th' Hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of Liberty bereft
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That Pride doe not to Tyranny you lift
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefdome which ye doe abuse.

*Spenser.*

---

*Lovable for Herself.*

We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms ; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant), and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion ; nay more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not *that* which awakens and inflames our passions.

*Goethe.*

---

*Her Love Letters.*

Her letters too,
Though far between, and coming fitfully
Like broken music, written as she found

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Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
Charm'd him through every labyrinth till he saw
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Strength of her Maternal Love.*

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency,—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

*Washington Irving.*

---

*Love Paramount in.*

O, speak not lightly of
A lady's love! It is her paramount,

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Especial jewel, over which keep guard
All things most rare in her tenacious sex.
Its radiant truth, its fragrant chastity;
Its goodness of the 'haviour of the heavens;
Its modesty—enchantment of all these—
Setting them off with veil, more rare and rich,
Than ever needle broider'd o'er the loom.

*J. S. Knowles.*

---

*Her Power in Love.*

To his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And *that* was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Refined Love.*

The kiss so guiltless and refined
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.

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The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But, sweet to me, from none but thine.

*Byron.*

---

*Reflective Power of her Love.*

As a looking-glass, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband; not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.

*Erasmus.*

---

*Pure Love for, by a rejected Suitor.*

Well, thou art happy, and I feel,
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband 's blest, and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass—oh, how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then, it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

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Mary, adieu! I must away,
While *thou* art blest, I'll not repine,
But near thee I can never stay,—
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm; I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look:
And now, to tremble were a crime,—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace,—
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away, away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake;
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break!

*Byron.*

---

*Scorns a timid Lover.*

He that holds religious and sacred thoughts
Of a woman; he that bears so reverend
A respect to her, that he will not touch
Her, but with a kiss'd hand and timorous
Heart; he that adores her like his goddess,—
Let him be sure she'll shun him like her slave.

*Chapman.*

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*Her Lover all the World to her.*

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Can bear no Second Love.*

Women do not like a man the worse for having many favourites, if he deserts them all, for her : she fancies that she herself has the power of fixing the wanderer ; that other women conquer like the Parthians, but that she herself, like the Romans, can not only make conquests, but retain them.

*Colton.*

---

*Love, her Spirit of.*

Sweet Spirit of my love !
Through all the world we walk apart :
Thou mayst not in my bosom lie :
I may not press thee to my heart,
Nor see love-thinking light thine eye :
Yet art thou with me. All my life
Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere ;
My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
And colour'd with thy presence dear.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought :
I only whisper to my heart,
" She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."

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And birds that night and day rejoice,
  And fragrant winds give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
  And surge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
The Spring and Summer bloom-bedight,
  That garland Earth with rainbow-showers,—
Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
  That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
  The flashing waters,—soughing tree,—
Noon's golden glory,—sundown red,
  Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,
  And wakes the passionate bird of love;
And stars laugh out in golden mirth,
  And yearning souls divinelier move;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
  And, lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought;
  Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
I listen for thy footfall,—feel
  Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart: I sometimes reel
  And throb, expectant for thy touch!

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For by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin-fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Hadst pass'd, and left thy beauty's tints:
The wild flowers e'en the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Meseems, like olden gods, thou'lt come
In cloud; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn through gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet! with large surprise.

*Massey.*

---

*Tenacity of her Love.*

Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh, more than all!—untired by time.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Love Timorous.*

Women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.

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Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fears ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Loveliness greatest when unadorned.*

A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embroidering woods :
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

*Thomson.*

---

*Craving for an Unknown Love.*

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love ? thou comest not ;
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot ;
I look'd for thee ere now !

It is the May
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And seeking, still delay.

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Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams!
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I,—
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee;
We cannot live apart, must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
That Time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God hath portion'd out our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet!
And therefore let our searching be the stronger,
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet!

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring-day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May-light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room;
And so, dear wife, good night!

*Arnold.*

---

*Her Love Unrequited.*

Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only

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to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one—love him once, and for ever—devote myself to him alone—live for him—die for him—exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved—none whom I may love as I am capable of loving! How empty, how desolate seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?

*Longfellow.*

---

Love, unreturn'd,
Hath gracious uses; the keen pang departs,
The sweetness never. Sorrow's touch doth ope
A mingled fount of sweet and bitter tears.
No summer's heat can dry, no winter's cold
Lock up in ice. When music grieves, the past
Returns in tears. *Smith.*

---

The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild flower, which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing.

*Longfellow.*

---

*Virtuous Love of.*

To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd,
And heaven infused into the mind.

*Thomson.*



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*Her Wayward Love.*

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye,—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen."—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale:
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost of them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen."—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And knight and dame are there:

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They sought her both by bower and ha' ;
The ladye was not seen.—
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

*Scott.*

---

*Loveliest when Good-hearted.*

A good-hearted woman, in the rosy beauty of her joy, is the loveliest object in the world.

*Hunt.*

---

*Her Loveliness.*

Thou art a girl of noble nature's crowning,
A smile of thine is like an act of grace ;
Thou hast no noisome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of a vulgar race ;
When thou dost smile, a light is on thy face,
A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
Of human thought, with beauteous glory,
Not quite a waking truth, nor quite a dream,
A visitation,—bright though transitory.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

---

O saw ye bonnie Leslie
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.



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To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie—
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Leslie—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!
Return to Caledonia!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

*Burns.*

---

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

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No Will-o'-th'-Wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee!

*Herrick.*

---

Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbèd brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,

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With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle-shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies. *Keats.*

---

*The Cynosure of all Loveliness.*

Words cannot paint thee, gentlest cynosure,
Of all things lovely, in that loveliest form
Souls wear the youth of woman's brows as pure
As Memphian skies that never knew a storm!
Lips with such sweetness in their honied deeps
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps.
*Bulwer.*

---

*The Majesty of her Loveliness.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not fret until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—

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His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness ?

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her face !
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole.

*Byron.*

---

*Man's Fickleness to Woman.*

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find ?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.
Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue :
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

*Shadwell.*

---

*As a Magdalen.*

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon ;
But oh ! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which once she did desert) I saw her last ;
Propp'd up by pillows, swelling round her like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
Her faded figure. I observed her well :

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Her brow was fair, but *very* pale, and look'd
Like stainless marble ; a touch methought would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril ; one through her shadowy hand
Branch'd like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
A flush of beautiful vermilion,
But more like art than nature ; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted.

*Cornwall.*

---

*Her Mind the Model for Virtue.*

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore ;
The heart you get returns no more.

*Waller.*

---

*Most Lovely as a Mother.*

Mother and child—think of it, my friends, on Christmas-day. What more beautiful sight is there in the world ? What more beautiful sight, and what more wonderful sight ?

What more beautiful ? That man must be very far from the kingdom of God—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child in its mother's bosom.

The greatest painters who ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rafaelle by name, to

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whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject, the mother and her babe, and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful; each in a different way, and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple every-day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colours.

*Kingsley.*

---

*As an old Maid.*

A thin, tall, upright, serious, slender maid,
In all her virgin excellence; above
The gaze of crowds, and hopes of vulgar love.

*Crabbe.*

---

*Her Bliss in Married Life.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
  By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
  A paradise below.

*Cotton.*

---

*Her Matchless Loveliness.*

If two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else

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Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Maiden Charms of.*

This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares applied:
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice contain'd, no sickening folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale;
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look complacence smiled serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene.

*Falconer.*

---

*Her Maiden Charms Irresistible.*

Who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair and modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure and every heart with admiration; while, like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun that cheers and the hand that protects her? There is in female youth an attraction, which every

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man of the least sensibility must perceive, and if assisted by beauty, it becomes irresistible. The power of woman thus far it is in vain to conceal: He that made both sexes manifestly meant it so, from having attempered our hearts to such emotions. Youth and beauty, set off with sweetness and virtue, capacity and discretion—what have they not accomplished?

*Fordyce.*

---

*Her Maiden Confidence.*

In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony.

*Scott.*

---

*Her Maidenly Fears.*

In silence bow'd the virgin's head—
And if her eye was fill'd with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those wingèd words like arrows sped—
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry—
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less!

*Byron.*

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*Her Maidenly Lament.*

I loved him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death !
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears !
"Merciful God !" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share !"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,—
And oh ! pray, too, for me.

*Landor.*

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*Married Life of.*

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

*Bacon.*

---

*Hateful when Masculine.*

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Rapture of her first Maternal Feeling.*

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pains and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves.

*Byron.*

---

*Meek and Constant.*

In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,—
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm

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Of novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.

*Cowper.*

---

*Her Graces in Maturity.*

Thy flowers of spring are crown'd with summer fruits,
And thou hast put a queenlier presence on
With thy regality of womanhood!
Yet time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades
That set thy graces in a wealthier light.
Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of light
From the "Gate Beautiful" of its palace home,
Fair as the spirit of the evening star,
That lights its glory as a radiant porch
To beacon earth with brighter glimpse of heaven.

*Massey.*

---

*Her Majestic Mien.*

*Page.* Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
*Lady.* Is it not one of our invited friends?
*Page.* No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
*Lady.* How looks her countenance?
*Page.* So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compass'd sea and land
To do her bidding.

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*Lady.* Is she young or old?

*Page.* Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he, too, had been awed.

*Lady.* The foolish stripling!
She has bewitch'd thee. Is she large in stature?

*Page.* So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

*Lady.* What is her garb?

*Page.* I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not deck'd in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurlèd banners play
With the soft breeze.

*Baillie.*

---

### *Her Impressible Mind.*

Men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will.
The weak, oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is found in them by force, by fraud, or skill;
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.
Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;

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In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep.
Though men can cover crimes with bold, stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.
No men inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough Winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame. Oh, let it not be held
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses; those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*A Strong-Minded One.*

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Ibid.*

---

*Her True Mission.*

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey:
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

*Ibid.*

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*A Model One.*

Good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense,
No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
No arts essay'd but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined.

*Pope.*

---

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnaminous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combined;
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

*Lyttelton.*

---

*Her Modesty.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

*Goldsmith.*



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Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish;
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover:
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the reddening cheek
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.
For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!

The every look and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

*Hamilton.*

---

*Her Modesty Apostrophized.*

Come thou, whose thoughts, as limpid spring are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear;—

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With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
*Collins.*

---

*Best when Modestly attired.*

*Duke.* I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity—
Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorn'd
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in!
*Juliana.* I shall observe, sir.
*Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress
I last presented you.
*Juliana.* The blue one, sir?
*Duke.* No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow, mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportion'd form—think not I flatter—
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,



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And thy free tresses dancing in the wind;
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush. *Tobin.*

---

*Her Native Modesty.*

Like the violet which, alone,
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent:
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

*Habington.*

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*Modesty and Virtue the true Dowry of.*

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty, and desires restrained; not that which is usually so called.

*Plautus.*

---

*As a Mother.*

In no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately, and prospectively, as in that of a mother. To her charge is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline, which is to form, out of a being perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares, and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointment? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy, unalloyed and without design, but to the bosom of her who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity, or his prosperity? And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and

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the follies of a froward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness on this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.

*Carter.*

---

*Strength of her Maternal Love.*

The tie which links mother and child is of such pure, and immaculate strength as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, it is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth; is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave, where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is still by our side: if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

*Washington Irving.*

---

*Her Fondness as a Mother.*

Can the fond mother from herself depart?
Can she forget the darling of her heart?
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nursed on her knees, and at her bosom fed.

*Churchill.*

---

*The Good Mother.*

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is, who stamps the coin

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*Woman — as a Mother.*

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Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man;
Then crown her Queen o' the World.

*Otway.*

---

*A Mother's Never-dying Influence.*

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age.

*Kirke White.*

---

*Love of a Mother.*

Last among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet motherly love with which Nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart—a fraction of her

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own nature. Therefore doth she yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same; climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power, gradually to make luxurious vice, sweeter than the tender cares, and toils of maternal love.

*Herder.*

---

*Intensity of a Mother's Love.*

An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life, with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;
*There* lies the thing we love with all its errors,
And all its charms,—like death without its terrors.

*Byron.*

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*A Mother's Ravings.*

I am not mad! this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

* * * * * *

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,

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I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
* * * * * *
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Witchery of her Mouth.*

Her mouth so small; when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

*Suckling.*

---

*Her Mouth and Eyes.*

A mouth of roses, wet with damask wine;
The sweetest eyes,—ah! when, in their far heaven
Shall Love rise up, and beckon with the palm!
And all the beauty hid from mortal sight,
Like lily-bud in leaves of cool green light.

*Massey.*

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*Musing abstractedly.*

As the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears, and not hears, and lets it overflow.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Her Fairy Musings.*

There is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the harsh and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted, and fairy thoughts, to which the things of this turbid and troubled life have no entrance. What to her, are the changes of state, the rivalries and contentions which form the staple of man's existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow glowingly into truth. Her soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seen in the common day: they are things like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else are still, and busy when earth's labourers are at rest! Hers is the real and uncentred *poetry of being*, which pervades and surrounds her as with an air, which peoples her visions, and animates her love—which shrinks from earth into itself, and finds marvel and meditation in all that it beholds.

*Bulwer.*

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*Nature's best Work.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

*Burns.*

---

*A truly Noble One.*

In every of these I suppose this Countess of Richmond was noble. First, she came of noble blood, lineally descending of King Edward the Third, within the four degrees of the same. Her father was John, Duke of Somerset; her mother was called Margaret, right noble as well in manners, as in blood, to whom she was a very daughter in all noble manners: for she was bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge and acquaintance. Avarice and covetyse she most hated, and sorrowed it full much in all persons, but specially in any that belonged unto her. She was also of singular easiness to be spoken unto, and full courteous answer she would make to all that came unto her. Of marvellous gentleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her own, whom she trusted and loved right tenderly. Unkind she would not be unto no creature, ne forgetful of any kindness or service done to her before, which is no little part of very nobleness. She was not vengeable ne cruel, but ready anon to forget and to forgive injuries done unto her, at the least desire or motion made unto her for the same. Merciful also and piteous she was unto such as was grieved and wrongfully troubled, and

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to them that were in poverty or sickness, or any other misery.

*Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.*

---

*As a Novice.*

Oh ! bitterest sacrifice the heart can make—
That of a mother of her darling child—
That of a child, who, for her Saviour's sake,
Leaves the fond face that o'er her cradle smiled.
They who may think that God doth never need
So great, so sad a sacrifice as this,
While they take glory in their easier creed,
Will feel and own the sacrifice it is.

All is prepared—the sisters in the choir—
The mitred abbot on his crimson throne—
The waxen tapers, with their pallid fire
Pour'd o'er the sacred cup and altar stone—
The upturn'd eyes, glistening with pious tears—
The censer's fragrant vapour floating o'er.
Now all is hush'd, for, lo ! the maid appears,
Entering with solemn step the sacred door.

She moved as moves the moon, radiant and pale,
Through the calm night, wrapp'd in a silvery cloud;
The jewels of her dress shone through her veil,
As shine the stars through their thin vaporous shroud ;
The brighter jewels of her eyes were hid
Beneath their smooth white caskets arching o'er,
Which, by the trembling of each ivory lid,
Seem'd conscious of the treasures that they bore.

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She reach'd the narrow porch and the tall door,
Her trembling foot upon the sill was placed—
Her snowy veil swept the smooth-sanded floor—
Her cold hands chill'd the bosom they embraced.
*McCarthy.*

---

*Learns by Observation.*

The world is the book of the women. Whatever knowledge they may possess, is more commonly acquired by observation, than reading.

*Rousseau.*

---

*Refined Passion of.*

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest—
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish, reproved, repress'd.
*Byron.*

---

*Perception, her Nice.*

The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute, and distinct perception of all the boundary-lines of every-day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed.

*Novalis.*

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*A Perfect One.*

In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature:
God better wote than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largèss estate, and cunning sure.
In word, in deed, in shape, and countenance,
That Nature might no more her childe advance.

*James I.*

---

*Description of a Perfect.*

The beauty of Ellen was not of that nature which rests solely upon the freshness of youth, nor even the magic of expression; it was as faultless as it was dazzling; no one could deny its excess, or its perfection. The charms of her conversation, her accurate judgment, united to a sparkling imagination, were even more remarkable characteristics of her mind than the loveliness of her person.

She had great sense, but the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle: if she laughed, all her countenance—lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks—laughed too. "Paradise seemed opened in her face:" if she looked grave, it was such a lofty and upward, yet sweet and gentle gravity, that you might (had you been gifted with the least imagination) have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a new order of angels, between the cherubim and seraphim, the angels of Love and Wisdom.

*Bulwer.*

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*A Perfect One.*

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

*Pinkney.*

---

How young, how good, how beautiful she fell !
Oh, she was all for which fond mothers pray,
Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
Beauty and she were one, for in her face
Sat sweetness, temper'd with majestic grace.
Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness, as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.
How she was wonder'd at by every swain !
The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain.
On all she shined, and spreading glories cast,
Diffusive of herself ; where'er she pass'd
There breathed an air as sweet as winds that blow
From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow :
In her smooth forehead we might read exprest
The even calmness of her gentle breast :
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ,
The active vigour of her youthful wit.

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Each beauty of the body, or the face,
Was but the shadow of some inward grace;
Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfined
As innocence could make it, was her mind.

*Duke.*

---

*Picture of a Perfect.*

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Perfections.*

All that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.

*Ibid.*

---

I do not merely admire women as the most beautiful objects of creation, or love them as the sole sources of happiness; but I reverence them as the redeeming glories of humanity, the sanctuaries of the virtues, the antepasts and pledges of those perfect qualities of the head and heart, com-



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bined with external and attractive charms, which, by their union, almost exalt the human into the angelic character.

*Twiss.*

---

*A Petted One.*

She was gay, tender, petulant, and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and having never experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practised in self-control: nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

*Washington Irving.*

---

*Her Lover's Philosophy.*

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

*Shelley.*

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*Piety of.*

I have oft-times noted, when women receive the doctrine of the Gospel, they are far more fervent in faith, they hold to it more stiff and fast than men do; as we see in the loving Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter.

*Luther.*

---

*Her practical Piety.*

Pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her prayer;
Heaven had the best if not the greater share.
An active life long orisons forbids,
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was sabbath, only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such are the Jews, from servile toil released,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns, and acts of love;
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Even that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practised here; that when she sprung,
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung;
Sung, and was sung herself, in angels' lays,
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.

*Dryden.*



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*Terrestrial Planets.*

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

*Hargrave.*

---

*Devoted either to Pleasure or Power.*

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, the first or last obey,—
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

*Pope.*

---

*Pleasure, in moderation, essential to.*

Pleasure is to women, what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys.

*Colton.*

---

*Her Portrait.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes?
Or, whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath. So sweet a bar

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Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than knots in cobwebs; but her eyes—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow,
In underprizing it; so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Portrait of a Deceased Mother.*

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say:
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:

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And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

*Cowper.*

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*Aptness of their Power.*

Still woman draws new power, new empire, still
From every blessing and from every ill,
Vice on her bosom lulls remorseful care,
And virtue hopes congenial virtue there.
Still she most hides the strength that most subdues,
To gain each end, its opposites pursues;
Lures by neglect, advances by delay,
And gains command by swearing to obey.

*Lamb.*

---

*Her Power Disdained.*

Peace! Let me go, or ere it be too late;
Dip not your arrows in the honey-mead;
Paint not the wound through which my heart doth bleed
Leave me unmock'd, unpitied, to my fate—
Peace! Let me go.

Think you that words can smooth my rugged track?
Words heal the stab your soft white hands have made,
Or stir the burthen on my bosom laid?
Winds shook not earth from Atlas' bended back—
Peace! Let me go.

What though it be the last time we shall meet—
Raise your white brow, and wreathe your raven hair,
And fill with music sweet the summer air;
Not this again shall draw me to your feet—
Peace! Let me go.

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No laurels from my vanquish'd heart shall wave
Round your triumphant beauty as you go.
Not thus adorn'd work out some other's woe—
Yet, if you will, pluck daisies from my grave!
Peace! Let me go.

*Cassels.*

---

*Her Power to soften Man.*

*Her*, too, Thou mad'st man's fitting mate.
Woman, creation's boast and flower,
Awful with beauty, on which wait
Reverence and love, Thou didst create,
With subtlest, sweetest power
To soften man, and bid him in her see
What wondrous cause for love and praise to Thee!

*Bennett.*

---

*Praise of.*

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need: there is a book,
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;

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There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

*Cowper.*

---

*Her Preciousness.*

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love.

*Middleton.*

---

*Their Preference of Bold Men.*

Women—born to be controll'd—
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.

*Waller.*

---

*Her Presence of Mind.*

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

*Leonidas.*

---

*Aristocratic Pride of.*

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife;

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I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

*Shakespeare.*

---

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl, her dam of princes' blood.
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to my eyen:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtue from above,
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

*Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.*

---

*Her Pride in her Children.*

Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit,
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more.

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And as the chosen found the pearly grain,
As much as every vessel could contain ;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear,—
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles :
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve ;
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand.

*Dryden.*

---

*Her Native Pride.*

The pride of woman, natural to her, never sleeps till modesty is gone. *Addison.*

---

*As a Prude.*

The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form ;
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*The Prude, description of.*

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago ;

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Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips ;
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play ;
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappit head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers.
To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
She yet allows herself that boy behind ;
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose ;
His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
Which future pages yet are doom'd to share ;
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
She, half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one generous thought ;
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

*Pope.*

---

*Her Pre-eminent Qualities.*

It is manifest that, in sprightliness and vivacity, in quickness of perception, in fertility of invention, in powers adapted to unbend the brow of the learned, to refresh the over-

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laboured faculties of the wise, and to diffuse throughout the family circle the enlivening and endearing smile of cheerfulness, the superiority of the female mind is unrivalled. Were we called upon to produce examples of the most amiable tendencies and affections implanted in human nature, of modesty, of delicacy, of sympathizing sensibility, of prompt and active benevolence, of warmth and tenderness of attachment,—whither should we at once turn our eyes? To the sister, to the daughter, to the wife. These endowments form the glory of the female sex; they shine amidst the darkness of uncultivated barbarism; they give to civilized society its brightest and most attractive lustre.

*Gisborne.*

---

### *As a Queen.*

There are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there scarcely is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less

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imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from less infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with so uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by a superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe—the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous—she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their state—her own greatness meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave men who flourished during her reign share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue

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ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her serves only to display the firmness of her resolution and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind.

*Hume.*

---

### *As a Queen-Martyr.*

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or

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hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a "sanctuary of sorrow" for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.

*Carlyle.*

---

### *Her Queenly Beauty.*

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary Queen of Scots added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite,

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affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion, nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve,



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and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

*Robertson.*

---

*A Noble.*

A longe while stode I in that state,
Till that me saugh so madde and mate

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The lady of the high warde,
Which from hir tone lokide thiderward.
Resoun men clope that lady,
Which from hir tone delyvarly,
Come doun to me without more.
But she was neither yong, ne hoore,
Ne high, ne lowe, ne fatt, ne lene,
But best, as it were in a mene.
Hir eyen twoo were clear and light,
As ony candelle that beameth bright;
And on hir heed she hadde a crowne.
Hir semede wel an high personne;
For rounde environn hir crownet
Was fulle of riche stonys frett.
Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys,
I trowe were maad in Paradys;
For nature hadde nevere such a grace,
To forge a werk of such compace.
For certeyn, but if the letter lye,
God hym silf, that is so high,
Made hir after his ymage,
And yaff hir sith sich avauntage,
That she hath myght and seignurie
To kepe men from alle folye;
Who so wole trowe hir lore,
Ne may offenden nevermore.

*Chaucer.*

---

*As a Recluse.*

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,



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Moved the meek star of eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day.
But she, the while, from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none: nor strange if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flowrets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes

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Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous; her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouch'd,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.

*Milman.*

---

*Elevated by Religion.*

The Christian religion alone contemplates the conjŭgal union in the order of nature. It is the only religion which presents Woman to Man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave.

To religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of many inhuman usages diffused over all other parts of the world—such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs.

*St. Pierre.*

---

*Her Religiousness.*

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without masque, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

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She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

*Habington.*

---

*Reminiscence of Departed Worth.*

She was not fair, nor full of grace,
Nor crown'd with thought or aught beside;
No wealth had she, of mind or face,
To win our love, or raise our pride:
No lover's thought her cheek did touch;
No poet's dream was 'round her thrown;
And yet we miss her—ah, too much,
Now—she hath flown!

We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth;
We miss her when the evening falls,—
A trifle wanted on the earth!
Some fancy small or subtle thought
Is check'd ere to its blossom grown;
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now—she hath flown!

No solid good, nor hope defined,
Is marr'd now she hath sunk in night;
And yet the strong immortal mind
Is stopp'd in its triumphant flight!

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Stern friend, what power is in a tear,
What strength in one poor thought alone,
When all we know is—"She was here,"
And—"She hath flown!"

*Cornwall.*

---

*Sweet Reminiscence of a Departed One.*

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

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A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

*Lamb.*

---

*Reminiscences of.*

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwall in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

O what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what 'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

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Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies ;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee ;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face ;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye ;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine ;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' ?

*Cunningham.*

---

*Power of her Gentle Reproof.*

There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

*Byron.*

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*Her Attractions Enhanced by Discreet Reserve.*

Discreet reserve in a woman, like the distances kept by royal personages, contributes to maintain the proper reverence. Most of our pleasures are prized in proportion to the difficulty with which they are obtained. The sight of beauty may be justly reckoned in the number. It has been observed that "so long as they govern themselves by the just rules of prudence and modesty, their lustre is like the meridian sun in its clearness, which, though less approachable, is counted more glorious; but when they decline from those rules, they are like that sun in a cloud, which, though safelier gazed on, is not half so bright."

*Fordyce.*

---

*Her Claim on Man's Respect.*

The man who bears an honourable mind,
Will scorn to treat a woman lawlessly.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Responsibility of Choice.*

Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it because her tormenter hath a warrant of prerogative.

*Taylor.*

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*Retired to Rest.*

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

*Longfellow.*

---

Slumber be soft on thy beautiful eye!
Spirits whose smiles are like thine—of the sky,—
Play thee to sleep with their visionless strings,
Brighter than thou—*but* because they have wings!
Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But living and loved as a child of the earth!

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Why is that tear? Art thou gone in thy dream,
To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,
Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,
Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along?
Blest be the dreams that restore them to *thee*,—
But *thou* art the bird,—and the roses to me.

And now as I watch o'er thy slumbers alone,
And hear thy low breathing, and know thee mine own,
And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,
I blame not the fate that has taken the rest
While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber be soft on thy beautiful eye!
Love be a rainbow to brighten the sky!
Oh, not for sunshine and hope would I part
With the shade time has flung over all—*but thy heart!*
Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,
Only more holy—and only less wild!

*Hervey.*

---

### *How Revered by Young Men.*

How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are in the eyes of inexperienced youth! Young men brought up in the fashionable circles of our cities will smile at this. Accustomed to mingle incessantly in female society, and to have the romance of the heart deadened by a thousand frivolous flirtations, women are nothing but women in their eyes; but to a susceptible youth like myself, brought up in the country, they are perfect divinities.

*Washington Irving.*

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*A Sailor's True Love for.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:

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Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

*Gay.*

---

*Things Scorned by.*

Falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Self-denial in Poverty.*

The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear;

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But, dying soon, like all terrestrial joys,
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.

*Cowper.*

---

*Her Self-Respect.*

The maxim of heathen antiquity, "Reverence thyself," seems to be particularly proper for a woman. She that does not reverence herself must not hope to be respected by others. I would therefore remind you of your own value. By encouraging you to entertain a just esteem for yourselves, I would, on one hand, guard you against everything degrading, and on the other, awaken your ambition to act up to the best standard of your sex; to aspire at every noble quality that is proportioned to your state, or that can ensure the affection, and preserve the importance to which you were born; and this importance is very great, whether we consider you in a single condition or in wedlock.

*Fordyce.*

---

Womankind,
Whom all men ought, both young and old, defend with all their might;
Considering what they do deserve of every living wight.

*More.*

---

*Her Common Sense.*

In giving advice, I have often found that women have excelled; and when I have been irritated by any trifling

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circumstance, and have laid more stress upon it than it was worth, they have seen the thing in a right point of view, and tamed down my asperities. It might be said that the faculties of women were of a passive character—that they judged by the simple effect upon their feelings, without inquiring into causes. Men had to act; women had the coolness and the advantages of bystanders, and were neither implicated in the theories nor passions of men—that they had more of common sense, though less of acquired capacity, than men. *Northcote.*

---

*Her Sensibility.*

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

*Lowell.*

---

*Their Sensibility in extremes.*

Women, ever in extremes, are always either better or worse than men. *La Bruyere.*

---

*Her Sensitiveness.*

Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory, varying to and fro,

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We know not wherefore ; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin, her in a day,
As joyous to dilate, as toward the light.

*Tennyson.*

---

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd came
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain ; perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye,—
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

*Ibid.*

---

Women are frail,
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
*Women !* help, Heaven ! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Sensitive to rebuke.*

Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her, she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

*Ibid.*



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*A Golden Sentence written by God.*

A wife's a man's best piece ; who till he marries,
Wants making up : she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage ;
She was a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she has no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit ; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children ;
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts ; *she's a golden sentence*
*Writ by our Maker, which the angels may*
*Discourse of, only men know how to use,*
*And none but devils violate.*

*Shirley.*

---

*An old Shrew.*

Conscious of age, she recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,
Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name ;
Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper every day.
Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
Censorious, and her every word a wasp,
In faithful memory she records the crimes
Or real, or fictitious of the times ;

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Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn.

*Cowper.*

---

*When wrapped in Slumber.*

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

*Keats.*

---

*Serenity of her Smile.*

A sunshine of hilarity lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's.

*Southey.*

---

*Power of her Smiles.*

I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.
* * * * * * *



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Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
  Their own pure joy impart ;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
  That lightens o'er the heart.

*Byron.*

---

She is not fair to outward view,
  As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
  Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
  To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
  The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

*H. Coleridge.*

---

Ah ! what a smile to fill a life with light,
And make the waking heart to sing in sleep ;
How precious in some costly cup of love,
The perfect pearl of her star-purity !

*Massey.*

---

*Varied Charms of her Smiles.*

And she hath smiles to earth unknown ;
Smiles, that with motion of their own

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Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go in endless play,
And ever as they pass away,
Art hidden in her eyes.

*Wordsworth.*

---

*Her Dislike of Contemptuous Sneers.*

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.
Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection 's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous and the scornful air.

*Dr. John Langhorne.*

---

*Her Hidden Sorrows.*

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are

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there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into the tears which oppress them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day surely foretells rain!

*Richter.*

---

*Her Pensive Sorrow.*

Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
And pensive wax'd the maid, and pale;
More constant at confessional,
More rare at masque and festival;
Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize;
With listless look she seems to gaze;
With humble care her form arrays;
Her voice less lively in the song;
Her step, though light, less fleet among
The pairs, on whom the morning's glance
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

*Byron.*

---

*Speaking Beauty of her Grief.*

Through all the camp she moved with funeral pace,
And still bow'd meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face,
Which lowly look'd that it might pity draw.

*Davenant.*

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*Woman — as a Sweetheart.*

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*Often Superior in Particular Subjects.*

I have often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but superior in particular.

*Greville.*

---

*As a Sweetheart.*

Days pass'd, and now my patient steps
That maiden's walks attend,
My vows had reach'd that maiden's ear,
Ay, an' she ca'd me friend.
An' I was bless'd as bless'd can be;
The fond, daft dreamer, Hope,
Ne'er dream'd o' happier days than mine,
Or joys o' ampler scope.

*Henrison.*

---

*Her Sweetheart's Address.*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

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A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

*Marlow.*

---

*Sympathy for.*

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

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And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs ;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Deep Sympathy with.*

"Forget thee ?" If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathe for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee,—a thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee ?" Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune ;
"Forget thee ?" Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew ;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue."
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remember'd spot ;
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot !

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Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden's peace, still calm and fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;
Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then,—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

*Moultrie.*

---

*Her endearing Sympathy.*

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labour'd words could speak.

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But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim!

But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take:
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

*Bayly.*

---

*Her Sympathy with Heroism.*

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Mutual Sympathy inspired by Love.*

May be thou art thinking now
As I think of thee;
And our thoughts in heaven above
Meet invisibly.

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May be when my limbs and thine
Seal'd in slumber lie,
Thou and I in spirit meet
All unknowingly.

Sweet the thought, our lives, my love
Parted ne'er may be;
Though between thy heart and mine
Leagues of land and sea.

May be in those unknown hours
Each freed spirit feels
Shadow'd truths, whose fullest form
Death alone reveals.

May be thou in higher things
Still my gentle guide;
Truth, and faith, and purity,
Chain me to thy side.

May be on our souls a ray
Faint and feeble falls,
Of that light which shall be ours,
When our Master calls!

Oh that memory lived and flow'd
From those hours to these!
Could we taste their hidden joys—
Hear their harmonies!

Ah! it is not so, alas!
Not a glint or gleam
Steals upon our waking hours;
Still 'tis sweet to dream

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Of this two-fold life and love,
Two-fold running fate,
Sad and lone we may be oft,
Never desolate.

Dream as I dream, Sweet, that we
Can be parted never,
Though our hearts and hands, my love,
Half the world may sever.

*Britton.*

---

*Sympathy with inspired by Ill-fortune.*

Her doom is writ: her name is grown
Familiar in the common mouth;
And she who was, when all unknown,
Like a sunbeam bursting from the south,
Is overshadow'd by her fate;
By others' envy, others' hate!

I loved her when her fame was clear;
I love her now her fame is dark:
Twice—thrice—a thousand times more dear
Is she, with Slander's serpent mark,
Than Beauty that did never know
Shadow,—neither shame nor woe.

Let who will admire,—adore,
Her whom vulgar crowds do praise;
*I will love my Love the more*
*When she falls on evil days!*
Truer, firmer will I be,
When the truth-like fail or flee.

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Bird of mine! though rivers wide
And wild seas between us run,
Yet I'll some day come, with pride,
And serve thee, from sun to sun;
Meantime, all my wishes flee
To thy nest beyond the sea!

Mourn not! let a brighter doom
Breed no anguish in thy mind:
If the rose hath most perfume,
It hath still the thorn behind:
If the sun be at its height,
Think what follows,—certain night.

Murmur not! whatever ill
Cometh, am *I* not thy friend?
(In false times the firmer still),
Without changing, without end?
Ah! if one true friend be thine,
Dare not to repine!

*Barry Cornwall.*

---

*Power of Sympathy in.*

There's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find,
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

*Pomfret.*

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*Her Tears All-powerful.*

O what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes,
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmèd here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath!

*Shakespeare.*

---

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?
Ay, ay;—and she hath offer'd to the doom
A sea of melting pearl,—which some call tears.

*Ibid.*

---

Those heaven-moving pearls.

*Ibid.*

---

Oh! too convincing-dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it; virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and made a hero fly?—
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

*Byron.*

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*Her Beauty Enhanced by her Tears.*

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.

*Byron.*

---

*Device to Cure the Bad Temper of.*

There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain, for every course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange I own, but true.
Mamma observed the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:

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On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy used for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she prized her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty—
All this the looking-glass achieved,
Its threats were minded and believed.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.
This fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror, where we spy
At large, our own deformity,
And learn of course those faults to mend
Which but to mention would offend.

*Wilkie.*

---

*Her Excess of Tears Deprecated.*

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise,



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To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example, others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

*Sir Jno. Beaumont.*

---

*Irresistible in her Tears.*

When maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but, when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Melted into Tears.*

So she sate
In mournful attitude, and motionless,
Most like the marble weepers upon graves,
Save, that as dews gather in half-closed flowers,
Ever the tear-drops in her half-closed eyes
Gather'd, and fell, and gather'd yet again.

*Osborn.*

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*Her Tears followed by Sunshine.*

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
That suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of the light, appear'd
As nature meant her grief for ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they gain'd a victory over care;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden thread the angels walk
To and from heaven.

*Shirley.*

---

*When soured in Temper, most Distasteful.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Sympathetic Temperament.*

There can be no regulation in the minds, or in the hearts of women, unless their temperament be in unison therewith.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

---

The very life seems warm upon her lip;
The fixure of her eye has motion in't.

*Shakespeare.*



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*Warned against Temptation.*

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed:
And in the morn, and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Tenderness.*

The virgins are soft as the roses they twine.

*Byron.*

---

*Her Tenderness of Heart.*

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of piety. *Luther.*

---

*Her Ties to Man.*

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;

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But now a bride and mother,—and now there !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !

*Byron.*

---

*A Shrewish Tongue the worst Foe.*

Thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd with thy tongue. *Shakespeare.*

---

*Fussiness of a Travelling One.*

I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing to me, in the number of factitious wants, the loads of imaginary conveniences, but real encumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burden themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display, about one of those petty progresses. The number of robustious footmen and retainers of all kinds, bustling about, with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing. The number of heavy trunks, and parcels, and bandboxes belonging to my lady ; and the solicitude exhibited about some humble, odd-looking box, by my lady's maid ; the cushions piled in the carriage, to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt ; the smelling-bottles, the cordials, the baskets of biscuit and fruit ; the new publications,—all provided against hunger, fatigue, or *ennui*, the led horses, to vary the mode of travelling ; and all this preparation and parade to move, perhaps, some very good-for-nothing personage about a little space of earth.

*Washington Irving.*

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*A World of Treasure in Herself.*

Ye tradeful merchants, that with weary toil,
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches, that may far be found.
If sapphires, lo! her eyes be sapphires plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies round;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and sound;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;
But that which fairest is but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with virtues manifold.

*Spenser.*

---

*When Unkind.*

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

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And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

---

*A Cause of Unrest.*

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charm'd, he call'd that woman bride,
And his first sleep, became his last repose.

*Besser.*

---

*Unrobing herself.*

Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed.

*Keats.*

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*Most Lovely, when Useful.*

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love, like seeing them at work.

*Cobbett.*

---

*Too often Vain, when Fair.*

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass, and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark, and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see:
They strive to seem, but never care to be.

*Gascoigne.*

---

*Their Vanity.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*The Virgin Daughter of the Skies.*

Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest.

*Dryden.*

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*Her Virgin Innocence and Grace.*

Grace, that with tenderness and sense, combined
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where, beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maiden in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Bless'd with each art that owes its charm to truth.

*Mason.*

---

*Her Virtue, the foundation of Happiness.*

The foundation of domestic happiness, is faith in the virtue of woman. *Landor.*

---

*Sweet Visions Inspired by.*

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view;
To memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears
So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence Be still,
Re-echoed faithfully.

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I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,—
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew,
I wander'd silently.

*Camoens.*

---

*Her Voice.*

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody,
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips there flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

*Pinckney.*

---

*A Gentle Voice Essential in.*

There is one part of woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns now, and of culture for harmony, and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or to give

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innocent amusement; but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good, the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connexions, in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different, in all respects, for a family, for friends and neighbours, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas! too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband, and the children! *Slaney.*

---

*Magic Charms of her Voice.*

She speaks.

Oh! speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd, wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Magic of her Voice.*

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.

*Massinger.*

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She sings as sweetly as the nightingale;
* * * * She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
* * * * * * *
She uttereth piercing eloquence.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Charm of a Soft Voice.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.

*Ibid.*

---

Her voice is soft; not shrill and like the lark's,
But tenderer,—graver,—almost hoarse at times;
As though the earnestness of love prevail'd,
And quell'd all shriller music.

*Procter.*

---

*Soft Melody of her Voice.*

And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies, softly brake
A silver sound that heavenly music seem'd to make.

*Spenser.*

---

*Her Voice in Song.*

How like a swan, cleaving the azure sky,
The voice upsoars of thy triumphant song,
That whirl'd awhile resistlessly along
By the great sweep of threatening harmony,

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Seem'd, overmatch'd, to struggle helplessly
With that impetuous music; yet ere long,
Escaping from the current fierce and strong,
Pierces the clear crystalline vault on high.
And I too am upborne with thee together
In circles ever narrowing, round and round,
Over the clouds and sunshine—who erewhile,
Like a blest bird of charmèd summer weather
In the blue shadow of some foamless isle,
Was floating on the billows of sweet sound.

*Trench.*

---

*Narrow Compass of her Waist.*

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

*Waller.*

---

*Her Weakness.*

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Weakness, the Charter of her Power.*

If promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power.

*Farquhar.*

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*Hard Fate of a Weak One.*

Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond, simple, little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture. Suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage, to weary loneliness, to bitter insulting recollections of the past. Suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny,—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to show society injured through him! Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her. * * So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her and gives her asylum pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through

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it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People as criminal, but undiscovered, make room for her as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she is splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to the table: he is driven per force to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers around her, but she fears to visit them, lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. *Thackeray.*

---

*The Hallowed Wedding Ring.*

While Titans war with social Jove,
My own sweet wife and I,
We make Elysium in our love,
And let the world go by!
O never hearts beat half so light
With crownèd Queen or King!
O never world was half so bright
As is our fairy-ring,
Dear love!
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

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Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And clasping all from outer strife
Sits Love, with folden wing,
A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love!
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up!
Aye! mingling Love's most precious wine
In Life's most bitter cup!
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring;
We live and love like happy flowers,
All in our fairy-ring,
Dear love!
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling:
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crown'd our fairy-ring,
Dear love!
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

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Away, grim Lords of Murderdom ;
Away, O Hate and Strife !
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken, from
Your feast of human life !
Heaven shield our little Goshen round
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footprints found
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

But, come ye who the truth dare own,
Or work in Love's dear name ;
Come, all who wear the Martyr's crown—
The Mystic's robe of flame !
Sweet souls a Christless world doth doom,
Like birds smote blind, to sing !
For such, we'll aye make welcome room
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

*Massey.*

---

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed,"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring !—"For what ?"
"To wed thee o'er again !" Why not ?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.



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If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead *that* double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day—with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine—
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why?—They show me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

*Bishop.*

---

*The Source of Bliss in Wedlock.*

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air

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Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.
Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

*Middleton.*

---

*Welcome to.*

Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.



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O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

*Thomas Davis.*

---

### *As a Cheerful Widow.*

Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
Though the heart o' this warld 's as hard as a stane,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though tottering now, like her auld crazy biel,
Her step ance the lightest on hairst-rig or reel:
Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheering strain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though humble her biggin' and scanty her store,
The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door;
Though she aft lifts the lid o' the girnel in vain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

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Though thin, thin her locks, now like hill-drifted snaw,
Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the craw;
Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

The sang o' the lark finds the widow asteer,
The birr o' her wheel starts the night's dreamy ear;
The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her claes,
That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
Ere her auld Robin died, sae fond and sae fain—
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

* * * *

Ye wealthy and wise in this fair world of ours,
When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi' flowers,
When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains
To the heart-broken widow who never complains.

*Maclagan.*

---

*Intensity of her Grief as a Widow.*

Among the tombs she walks at noon of night,
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave
Of him who was the husband of her youth.
The moonbeams trembling through these ancient yews,
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,
Her little, hollow, wither'd face, almost
Invisible, so worn away with woe.

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The tread of hasty foot, passing so late,
Disturbs her not; nor yet the roar of mirth,
From neighbouring revelry ascending loud.
She hears, sees nought, fears nought. One thought alone
Fills all her heart and soul, half-hoping, half-
Remembering, sad, unutterable thought!
Utter'd by silence and by tears alone.
Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
Already many showers of grief; a drop
Or two are all that now remain behind,
And, from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.
But yet she wants not tears. That babe, that hangs
Upon her breast, that babe that never saw
Its father—he was dead before its birth—
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time,
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting force,
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.
Be not surprised at this expense of woe!
The man she mourns was all she call'd her own,
The music of her ear, light of her eye,
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,
The element in which her passions lived,
Dead now, or dying all: nor long shall she
Visit that place of skulls. Night after night
She wears herself away. The moonbeam now,
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,

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Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,
Barren as leafless boughs in winter-time,
Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,
Forgetful, she leaves him awhile unheld.
But look, she passes not away in gloom.
A light from far illumes her face, a light
That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun—
The light of truth divine, the glorious hope
Of resurrection at the promised morn,
And meetings then which ne'er shall part again.

*Pollok.*

---

*As a thrifty old Widow.*

A poore widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwé cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent;
By husbandry of such as God her sent,
She found herself and eke a sheep that highte Mall.
Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,
In which she ate many a slender meal;
Of poignant sauce ne knew she never deal;
No dainty morsel pass'd through her throat;
Her diet was accordant to her cote:
Repletion ne made her never sick;
Attemper diet was all her physic,

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And exercise, and heartes suffisance:
The goute let her nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexy shente not her head;
No wine ne drank she, neither white nor red;
Her board was served with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack;
Seinde bacon, and sometimes an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner day.

*Chaucer.*

---

*As a Wife.*

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not, but by her.

*Shakespeare.*

---

I feel my spirit humbled when you call
My love of home a virtue: 'tis the part
Yourself have play'd has fix'd me; for the heart
Will anchor where its treasure is; and small
As is the love I bear you; 'tis my all—
The widow's mite, compared with your desert:
You and our quiet room, then, are the mart
Of all my thoughts; 'tis there they rise and fall.
The parent bird that in its wanderings
O'er hill and dale, through copse and leafy spray,
Sees nought to lure his constant heart away
From her who gravely sits with furlèd wings,
Watching their mutual charge: howe'er he roam,
His eye still fixes on his mossy home.

*Clarke.*

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*Woman — as a Wife.*

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The true one of youth's love, proving a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities.

*Southey.*

---

*Her best Attractions as a Wife.*

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

*Garrick.*

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She that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearnesse by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

---

*A Sterling Comfort as a Wife.*

This truth to manifest—A gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who—wisely keep their honeymoon.

*Tobin.*

---

*Wife a Gift from God.*

True wife! fond wife! let us together lean,
Like trees with intertwining boughs, that so
Brave angry skies, whatever winds may blow:
And, though there interpose a cloudy screen,
Lift up their heads towards the blue serene
From whence the sunbeams and the rain-drops flow,
By which they gather strength and taller grow,
And keep their shoots and saplings fresh and green.
True wife! fond wife! we have together stood,
Through years of trial, each supporting each,
Ever unto the infinite and good,
Thy thoughts than mine have higher, wider reach'd;

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And I have felt how true the Wise One's word;
Thou art indeed a gift, a favour from the Lord!

*Egone.*

---

*As a Wife guarded by her Husband.*

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Shakespeare.*

---

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

*Milton.*

---

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

*Hammond.*

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The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

*Milton.*

---

*Inestimable as a Good Wife.*

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows.

*Cowper.*

---

At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Her Wifehood and pure Lowlihood.*

Eyes not down-dropp'd, nor over bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity:
* * Locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise, on either side her head;
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,

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Were fixèd shadows of thy fixèd mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood, and pure lowlihood.
* * * * * * *
A courage to endure, and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage—a most perfect wife.

*Tennyson.*

---

*Wife, Loss of, Lamented.*

The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart; and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy; and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave.

*Lamartine.*

---

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

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Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget!—
Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprung wanton to be press'd,
The birds sung love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

*Burns.*

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*As a loving Wife.*

When a man dwells in love, then the smiles of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon. Her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and his refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. *Jeremy Taylor.*

---

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

The warld's wrack, we share o 't,
The warstle and the care o 't,
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

*Burns.*

---

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learnèd by much art;
Some knowledge on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart,
Besides her inborn virtue fortify.
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

* * * * * *

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As good and wise; so be she fit for me;
That is, to will, and not to will, the same.
My wife is my adopted self, and she
As me, so what I love, to love must frame:
For when by marriage both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

---

### *As a Model Wife.*

A wife is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being, to the love of which, as the charms of nature enchant us, so the law of grace by special privilege invites us. Without her, man, if piety not restrain him, is the creator of sin. She is so religious that every day crowns her a martyr, and her zeal neither rebellious nor uncivil. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if success crown not expectation, remain nevertheless uncontemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity, and a safe retiring place when adversity exiles him from the world. She is so chaste, she never understood the language passion speaks in, nor with a smile applauds it, although there appear wit in the metaphor. She is fair only to win on his affections, nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty, if there were danger that might persuade the passionate auditory to the least irregular thought. She is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evil a herald, she never boasts the story of her ancestors. She is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity license her to riot. She is liberal, and yet owes

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not ruin to vanity, but knows charity to be the soul of goodness, and virtue without reward often prone to be her own destroyer. She is much at home, and when she visits it is for mutual commerce, not for intelligence. She can go to court, and return no passionate doter on bravery; and when she hath seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider Vanity hath spun. She is so general in her acquaintance that she is familiar with all whom fame speaks virtuous, but thinks there can be no friendship but with one, and therefore hath neither she-friend nor private servant. She so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes that in the country she lives without a froward melancholy, in the town without a fantastic pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern policy of glorious surfeits, since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiosity. She is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her wit sails by no other compass than that of his direction. She looks upon him, as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but death and hell; and in him she believes Paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation, and his errors her credulity thinks no more frailty than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, she so lives that she may die and leave no cloud upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and buys pleasure at too dear a rate, if she only pays for it repentance.

*Habington.*

---

Whose soft voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear,



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Awaking all the chords of harmony ;
Whose eye should speak a language to his soul
More eloquent than all which Greece or Rome
Could boast of in its best and happiest days ;
Whose smile should be his rich reward for toil ;
Whose pure transparent cheek, when press'd to his,
Should calm the fever of his troubled thoughts,
And woo his spirit to those fields Elysian,—
The paradise which strong affection guards.

*Bethune.*

---

A wife as tender and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall ;
Made for the man, of whom she was a part,
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst ;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.

* * * * * *

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;
She much obey'd him, but she loved him more :
Not awed to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.

*Dryden.*

---

*Most Potent when obedient as a Wife.*

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

*Ben Jonson.*

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*As a Perfect Wife.*

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard;
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,—
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

*Pope.*

---

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to



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the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

*Solomon.*

---

A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues —his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counsellors —her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

---

*The Precious Love of, as a Wife.*

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all.

*Milton.*

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*Most Precious as a Wife.*

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper ofttimes am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complaisance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still as he flies adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

*Edward Moore.*

---

*In her Proper Sphere as a Wife.*

Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises

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of piety: and therefore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more varieties of it; it is an exercise of more graces.

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duties of parents and the charity of relations: here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

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### *As a True Wife.*

Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it incline. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it, too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

*Shakespeare.*

---

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,

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Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain ;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit ;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon ;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimm'd thine eye and touch'd thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower ;

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'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree ;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light ;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower ;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

*Cunningham.*

---

*Wilful in their Tastes.*

The fair not always view with favouring eyes
The very virtuous or extremely wise,
But, odd it seems, will sometimes rather take
Want with the spendthrift, riot with the rake.

*Lamb.*

---

*Her Submissive Wisdom.*

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;

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To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest tastes;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.

*Thomson.*

---

*Wit will out.*

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Shakespeare.*

---

*Coarse Wit unbecoming in.*

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
  Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

*Earl of Dorset.*

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*To be Wooed and Won.*

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

*Shakespeare.*

---

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She's a woman, and therefore to be won.

*Ibid.*

---

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.

*Milton.*

---

Women, to be won,
Must first be woo'd. Engage the tender sex
By tender cares, and merit love by loving.
When soften'd to a smile, the brave and bold
Assume the accents and the looks of love,
They win at once the heart of womankind.

*Logan.*

---

*How to Woo and Win her.*

He preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank:
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts though small, yet spoke his love.

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He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes;
He taught a prating stare to speak my name:
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

*Dryden.*

---

*The World void without them.*

How dreary and lone
The world would appear,
If women were none!
'Twould be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile,
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;
A chaos of perplexity;
A body without a soul 'twould be;
A roving spirit, borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit;
A reason with no resting-place,
A castle with no governor to it;
A house without a base.
What are we, what our race,
How good for nothing and base,
Without fair woman to aid us!
What could we do, where should we go,
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us!

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How could we love, if woman were not :
Love,—the brightest part of our lot ;
Love,—the only charm of living ;
Love,—the only gift worth giving ?—
Who would take charge of your house,—say who,—
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest,—
Who but the women, who guard them best,—
Guard, and adorn them too !
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, of meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,
And sorrow and sin, in frowning file,
Stand by the path in which we go
Down to the grave through wasting woe ?
All that is good is theirs, is theirs,—
All we give and all we get ;
And if a beam of glory yet
Over the gloomy earth appears,
O 'tis theirs ! O 'tis theirs !—
They are the guard, the soul, the seal
Of human hope and human weal ;
They,—they,—none but they ;
Woman,—sweet woman !—let none say nay !

*Christóval de Castillejo.*

---

*All the World to Man.*

Man without woman 's a beggar,
Suppose the whole world he possess'd ;
And the beggar that's got a good woman,
With more than the world he is blest.

*Cowper.*

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*Her Domestic Worth.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

*Lyttelton.*

---

*Her innate Worth.*

All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing.

*Overbury.*

---

*Her true Worth unknown until severely Tested.*

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

*Washington Irving.*

---

'Tis not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,
With summer beams and genial breezes blest,
That man a Consort's worth approveth best:
'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour,

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When cares and sorrows all their torrents pour,
She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest;
Drying her cheek from sympathetic shower.
Thus when along Calabria's sulph'rous coast,
Whilst lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the sea,
In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
Nature awaits some fell catastrophe;
The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares,
But faithful turtles refuge seek in pairs.

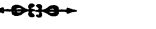
*Drummond.*

---

*In her declining Years.*

Evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

*Thomson.*



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## L'Envoi.

If thou hast read all this book, and art neber the better, yet catch this flower before thou go out of the garden, and peradbenture the scent thereof will bring thee back to smell the rest.

Henry Smith.

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